

APPLES & HONEY



JEWISH MEMORIAL COUNCIL



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If renewal is desired, application must be made before the time runs out.

APPLES AND HONEY



From the drawing entitled "My Child" by E. M. Lilien.

APPLES & HONEY

A GIFT-BOOK FOR
JEWISH BOYS AND GIRLS

EDITED BY
NINA SALAMAN

JEWISH MEMORIAL COUNCIL



LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

לפ'ק

ורפאתיו

בשנת

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FOREWORD

THIS book has been compiled more particularly for boys and girls of about ten to fifteen years, who will themselves quickly discover which portions are the most suitable to their own particular age and taste. The arrangement has been made purposely without any definite order or form, because I believe there may be much pleasure in dipping into the book and finding surprises.

I know children always want to skip a preface (and most grown-up people do, too); they like to form their own opinion at the end of a book, and not to be told at the beginning what they ought to think about it. So I will say little more than that it was Mrs. Marcousé who, at a meeting of the Literary Committee of the Federation of Women Zionists, of which I have the honour to be Chairman, first broached the idea of making a Reading-Book for Jewish Children, an idea which was enthusiastically supported by the committee, on whose behalf I accepted the editorship. To Mr. Israel Zangwill I owe the title, which I think should appeal to all children, both for its pleasant associations and for the spiritual reasons so attractively expressed by Dr. Israel Abrahams in the opening pages.

Foreword

I offer here my sincere thanks to all who have written articles for this volume, and to all those authors and publishers who have so kindly and courteously allowed me to publish extracts from their works and publications. A full list of their names will be found below. To all of them I am very grateful, as well as to my husband and the several friends who have given me their kindly sympathy and advice. Among these I may mention particularly the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Israel Abrahams, Mrs. Paul Goodman, Mrs. Israel Zangwill, who has rendered me valued assistance in proof-reading, and also certain children to whom I read parts of the collection while still in manuscript.

I hope this little book may prove an acceptable gift, and that it will not only provide entertainment, but will help many an English-speaking child to understand better what it has meant in courage and love to be a child of Israel to those other children who live in the lands of cruel persecution. How dear to them the hope, how welcome to all of us the vision, how urgent, indeed, the task, of establishing a home of Freedom, Justice and Peace on the mountains of Judea, the beautiful land of our forefathers! There Israel, weary and footsore, may yet renew the courage of his old inspiration and, in thus saving himself, will save the world.

NINA SALAMAN.

Foreword

My grateful acknowledgments are made to—

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Foreword

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Foreword

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Foreword

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Mr. S. Winsten and the Editor of "Voices" for *Let every Child of every Land*.

Mrs. Israel Zangwill for *Emma Lazarus*.

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PRELUDE

“LET EVERY CHILD OF EVERY LAND”

LET every child of every land
Join hands in this glad game,
For though our speech may different be
Our laughter is the same.

For though our speech may different be
The same Sun shines on all,
And loves to see all children glad
That live on this green Ball.

And he that ever hurt a child,
He is forgiven now ;
Let him, too, join our merry game,
That love in him may grow.

Let every child of every land
Join hands in this glad game,
For though our speech may different be
Our laughter is the same.

S. WINSTEN.

APPLES AND HONEY

“**A**PPLES and Honey”—what a curious title! Yes, it is curious, and is meant to be also symbolical. A “symbol” is a thing which represents an idea, just as Noah’s olive-branch became a symbol of peace. “Apples and Honey” are another symbol of the same kind; they mean happiness. Eaten together on the first evening of the Jewish New Year, they express the hope that the period about to begin may be sweet in well-being, “fruitful” in well-doing, rich in duty done and happiness found.

It is with this hope that this book is presented to its young readers; in the first instance, to give them pleasure, and in the second, possibly to suggest to them here and there a means by which life may be sweetened in virtue and in loyalty to the ideals of Judaism.

For this is another reason for the title. Both the “apple” and the “honey” symbolise the Law of God. Apple blossoms are very beautiful and fragrant, while honey is the essence of sweetness. The fragrance and the sweetness of the words of God are as wonderful as is their living message of goodness.

Apples and Honey

How does the apple symbolise the Law? Our Rabbis derived the idea from Proverbs xxv. 11, and from the poetical references to the fruit in the Song of Songs (viii. 5). "Comfort me with apples," cries the Shullamite, again, to her shepherd lover (ii. 5), and by these "apples," say the Rabbis, she meant the words of the Law, particularly the noble stories and fancies found in their traditional interpretation.

"Honey" as a symbol for the Law is more clearly expressed in the Bible. Read again the charming verses 8-11 of the 19th Psalm. Here you will see how the precepts of the Lord restore the soul and make wise the simple; rejoice the heart and enlighten the eyes. And the passage ends off with this sentence: "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; *sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.*"

Because of this symbolism—derived in part from the Bible, and in part from our traditions—this volume has been called by the title it bears. It is a curious title—yes. But is it not also a beautiful one? May it succeed in giving you a little glimpse into the true happiness, which comes from goodness, into the sweetness and fragrance of the life which Jewish idealism enjoins.

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS.

THE TWO BROTHERS

IT is three months since Yainkele and Berele—two brothers, the first fourteen years old, the second sixteen—have been at the college that stands in the town of X., five German miles from their birthplace Dalissovke, after which they are called the “Dalissovkers.”

Yainkele is a slight, pale boy, with black eyes that peep slyly from beneath the two black eyebrows. Berele is taller and stouter than Yainkele, his eyes are lighter, and his glance is more defiant, as though he would say, “Let me alone, I shall laugh at you all yet !”

The two brothers lodged with a poor relation, a widow, a dealer in second-hand goods, who never came home till late at night. The two brothers had no bed, but a chest, which was broad enough, served instead, and the brothers slept sweetly on it, covered with their own torn clothes; and in their dreams they saw their native place, the little street, their home, their father with his long beard and dim eyes and bent back, and their mother with her long, pale, melancholy face, and they heard the little brothers and sisters quarrelling, as they fought over a bit of herring, and they dreamt other

The Two Brothers

dreams of home, and early in the morning they were homesick, and then they used to run to the Dalissovke Inn, and ask the carrier if there were a letter for them from home.

The Dalissovke carriers were good Jews with soft hearts, and they were sorry for the two poor boys, who were so anxious for news from home, whose eyes burned, and whose hearts beat so fast, so loud, but the carriers were very busy; they came charged with a thousand messages from the Dalissovke shopkeepers and traders, and they carried more letters than the post, but with infinitely less method. Letters were lost, and parcels were heard of no more, and the distracted carriers scratched the nape of their neck, and replied to every question:

“Directly, directly, I shall find it directly—no, I don’t seem to have anything for you.”

That is how they answered the grown people who came to them; but our two little brothers stood and looked at Lezer the carrier—a man in a wadded caftan, summer and winter—with thirsty eyes and aching hearts; stood and waited, hoping he would notice them and say something, if only one word. But Lezer was always busy: now he had gone into the yard to feed the horse, now he had run into the inn, and entered into a conversation with the clerk of a great store, who had brought a list of goods wanted from a shop in Dalissovke.

And the brothers used to stand and stand, till

The Two Brothers

the elder one, Berele, lost patience. Biting his lips, and all but crying with vexation, he would just articulate:

“Reb Lezer, is there a letter from father?”

But Reb Lezer would either suddenly cease to exist, run out into the street with somebody or other, or be absorbed in a conversation, and Berele hardly expected the answer which Reb Lezer would give over his shoulder:

“There isn’t one—there isn’t one!”

“There isn’t one!” Berele would say with deep sigh, and sadly call to Yainkele to come away. Mournfully, and with a broken spirit, they went to where the day’s meal awaited them.

“I am sure he loses the letters!” Yainkele would say a few minutes later, as they walked along.

“He is a bad man!” Berele would mutter with vexation.

But one day Lezer handed them a letter and a small parcel.

The letter ran thus:

“DEAR CHILDREN,

“Be good boys, and learn with diligence. We send you herewith half a cheese and a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a little berry-juice in a bottle.

“Eat it in health, and do not quarrel over it.

“From me, your father,

“CHAYYIM HECHT.”

The Two Brothers

That day Lezer the carrier was the best man in the world in their eyes; they would not have been ashamed to eat him up with horse and cart for very love. They wrote an answer at once—for letter-paper they used to tear out, with fluttering hearts, the first unprinted pages in the Gemoreh—and gave it that evening to Lezer the carrier. Lezer took it coldly, pushed it into the breast of his coat, and muttered something like “All right !”

“What did he say, Berele ?” asked Yainkele, anxiously.

“I think he said ‘All right,’” Berele answered doubtfully.

“I think he said so, too,” Yainkele persuaded himself. Then he gave a sigh, and added fearfully:

“He may lose the letter !”

“Bite your tongue out !” answered Berele angrily, and they went sadly away to supper.

And three times a week, early in the morning, when Lezer the carrier came driving, the two brothers flew, not ran, to the Dalissovke Inn, to ask for an answer to their letter; and Lezer the carrier grew more preoccupied and cross, and answered either with mumbled words, which the brothers could not understand, and dared not ask him to repeat, or else not at all, so that they went away with heavy hearts. But one day they heard Lezer the carrier speak distinctly, so that they understood quite well.

The Two Brothers

"What are you doing here, you two? What do you come plaguing me for? Letter? Fiddlesticks! How much do you pay me? Am I a postman? Eh? Be off with you, and don't worry."

The brothers obeyed, but only in part: their hearts were like lead, their thin little legs shook, and tears fell from their eyes on to the ground. And they went no more to Lezer the carrier to ask for a letter.

"I wish he were dead and buried!" they exclaimed, but they did not mean it, and they longed all the time just to go and look at Lezer the carrier, his horse and cart. After all, they came from Dalisovke, and the two brothers loved them.

One day, two or three weeks after the carrier sent them about their business in the way described, the two brothers were sitting in the house of the poor relation and talking about home. It was summer-time, and a Friday afternoon.

"I wonder what father is doing now," said Yainkele, staring at the small panes in the small window.

"He must be cutting his nails!" answered Berele, with a melancholy smile.

"He must be chopping up lambs' feet," imagined Yainkele, "and mother is combing Chainele, and Chainele is crying."

"Now we've talked nonsense enough!" decided

The Two Brothers

Berele. "How can we know what is going on there?"

"Perhaps somebody's dead!" added Yainkele, in sudden terror.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Berele. "When people die, they let one know."

"Perhaps they wrote, and the carrier won't give us the letter."

"Ai, that's chatter enough!" Berele was quite cross. "Shut up, donkey! You make me laugh," he went on, to reassure Yainkele; "they are all alive and well."

Yainkele became cheerful again, and all at once he gave a bound into the air, and exclaimed with eager eyes:

"Berele, do what I say! Let's write by the post!"

"Right you are!" agreed Berele. "Only I've no money."

"I have four kopeks: they are over from the ten I got last night. You know, at my 'Thursday'* they give me ten kopeks for supper, and I have four over."

"And I have one kopek," said Berele, "just enough for a post-card."

"But which of us will write it?" asked Yainkele.

"I," answered Berele, "I am the eldest, I'm a first-born son."

* This refers to the free meals given by members of the Jewish community to needy students attending the local Talmud schools.—EDITOR.

The Two Brothers

“ But I gave four kopeks !”

“ A first-born is worth more than four kopeks.”

“ No ! I'll write half, and you'll write half, ha ?”

“ Very well. Come and buy a card.”

And the two brothers ran to buy a card at the post-office.

“ There will be no room for anything !” complained Yainkele, on the way home, as he contemplated the small post-card. “ We will make little tiny letters, teeny weeny ones !” advised Berele.

“ Father won't be able to read them !”

“ Never mind ! He will put on his spectacles. Come along—quicker !” urged Yainkele. His heart was already full of words, like a sea, and he wanted to pour it out on to the bit of paper, the scrap on which he had spent his entire fortune.

They reached their lodging, and settled down to write.

Berele began, and Yainkele stood and looked on.

“ Begin higher up ! There is room there for a whole line. Why did you put ‘ To my beloved Father ’ so low down ?” shrieked Yainkele.

“ Where am I to put it, then ? In the sky, eh ?” asked Berele, and pushed Yainkele aside.

“ Go away, I will leave you half. Don't confuse me ! You be quiet !” and Yainkele moved away, and stared with terrified eyes at Berele, as he sat there, bent double, and wrote and wrote, knitted his brows, and dipped the pen, and reflected, and wrote again.

The Two Brothers

"That's enough!" screamed Yainkele, after a few minutes.

"It's not the half yet," answered Berele, writing on.

"But I ought to have more than half!" said Yainkele, crossly. The longing to write, to pour out his heart on to the post-card, was overwhelming him.

But Berele did not even hear: he had launched out into such rhetorical Hebrew expressions as "First of all, I let you know that I am alive and well," which he had learnt in *The Perfect Letter-Writer*, and his little bits of news remained unwritten. He had yet to abuse Lezer the carrier, to tell how many pages of the Gemoreh he had learnt, to let them know they were to send another parcel, because they had no "Monday" and no "Wednesday,"* and the "Tuesday" was no better than nothing.

And Berele writes and writes, and Yainkele can no longer contain himself—he sees that Berele is taking up more than half the card.

"Enough!" He ran forward with a cry, and seized the penholder.

"Three words more!" begged Berele.

"But remember, not more than three!" and Yainkele's eyes flashed. Berele set to work to write the three words; but that which he wished to express required yet ten to fifteen words, and Berele, excited by the fact of writing, pecked away at the paper, and took up yet another bit of the other half.

* See note, page 8.

The Two Brothers

"You stop!" shrieked Yainkele, and broke into hysterical sobs, as he saw what a small space remained for him.

"Hush! Just 'from me, thy son,' " begged Berele; "nothing else!"

But Yainkele, remembering that he had given a whole *vierer* toward the post-card, and that they would read so much of Berele at home and so little of him, flew into a passion, and came and tried to tear away the card from under Berele's hands. "Let me put 'from me, thy son'!" implored Berele.

"It will do *without* 'from me, thy son'!" screamed Yainkele although he *felt* that one ought to put it. His anger rose, and he began tugging at the card. Berele held tight, but Yainkele gave such a pull that the card tore in two.

"What have you done, villain?" cried Berele, glaring at Yainkele.

"I *meant* to do it!" wailed Yainkele.

"Oh, but why did you?" cried Berele, gazing in despair at the two torn halves of the post-card.

But Yainkele could not answer. The tears choked him, and he threw himself against the wall, tearing his hair. Then Berele gave way, too, and the little room resounded with lamentation.

ABRAHAM RAISIN.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

THE HEBREW'S FRIDAY NIGHT

(AFTER BURNS.)

“Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride; the Face of the Sabbath
let us welcome.”

SWEET Sabbath-Bride, the Hebrew's theme
of praise,
Celestial maiden with the starry eyes,
Around thy head a sacred nimbus plays,
Thy smile is soft as lucent summer skies,
Before thy purity all evil dies.
In wedding-robe of stainless sunshine drest,
Thou dawnest on Life's darkness and it dies;
Thy bridal-wreath is lilies Heaven-blest,
Thy dowry Peace and Love and Holiness and Rest.

For in thy Presence he forgets awhile
The gloom and discord of man's mortal years,
To seek the Light that streameth from thy Face,
To list thy tender lullaby, which cheers
His soul and lies like music on his ears.
His very sorrows with soft splendour shine,
Transfigured by a mist of sacred tears;
He drinks thy gently-offered Anodyne
And feels himself absorbed into the Peace divine.

The Hebrew's Friday Night

The Father from the Synagogue returns
(A singing-bird is nestling at his heart),
And from without the festive light discerns
Which tells his faithful wife has done her part
To welcome Sabbath with domestic art.
He enters and perceives the picture true,
And tears unbidden from his eyelids start,
As Paradise thus opens on his view,
And then he smiles and thanks his God he is a
Jew.

For "Friday night" is written on his home
In fair, white characters; his wife has spread
The snowy Sabbath-cloth; the Hebrew tome,
The flask and cup are at the table's head,
There's Sabbath magic in the very bread,
And royal fare the humble dishes seem;
A holy light the Sabbath candles shed,
Around his children's shining faces beam,
He feels the strife of every day a far-off dream.

His buxom wife he kisses, then he lays
Upon each child's young head two loving hands
Of benediction, so in after days,
When they shall be afar in other lands,
They shall be knit to God and home by bands
Of sacred memory. And then he makes
The blessing o'er the wine, and while each stands,

The Hebrew's Friday Night

The quaintly convoluted bread he breaks,
Which tastes to all to-night more sweet than
honeyed cakes.

And now they eat the Sabbath meal with laugh
And jest and gossip till all fun must cease,
While Father chants the Grace, all singing half,
And then the Sabbath hymns of Love and Peace
And Hope from alien lands to find release.
No evil can this night its head uprear,
Earth's joys loom larger and its ills decrease;
To-night of ghosts the youngest has no fear—
Does not his guardian Sabbath Angel hover near?

So in a thousand squalid Ghettos penned,
Engirt yet undismayed by perils vast,
The Jew in hymns that marked his faith would spend
This night, and dream of all his glorious past
And wait the splendours by his seers forecast.
And so while mediæval creeds at strife
With nature die, the Jew's ideals last,
The simple love of home and child and wife,
The sweet humanities which make our higher life.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

HILLEL

DURING the reign of Herod the Great* there lived a man who will be remembered as one of the noblest characters and greatest teachers in Jewish history. His name was Hillel. In the same way as the name of Herod will always be associated with deeds of cruelty and tyranny, so Hillel will live for all time as one of those great good men whose works and teachings never die. He was descended from King David, and belonged to a family which had remained in Babylon after the return under Zerubbabel. His family had fallen on bad times when Hillel was quite a young man, but this did not prevent his seeking after knowledge. He was an earnest young scholar, and, not being able to obtain all the learning he desired in the Babylonian schools, he decided to travel to Jerusalem, and there seek "fresh woods and pastures new" in Jewish scholarship. He naturally found his way to the great school of learning in the Holy City, where the Bible was explained and the Jewish laws taught by the leading Rabbis of the time, Shemaiah and Abtalion. The latter, it will be remembered, were members of the Sanhedrin which tried Herod the Great; they were con-

* Just before the beginning of the Christian era.

Hillel

sidered the greatest scholars of the period when Hillel was a young man, and Hillel afterwards called them "the greatest men of their generation."

It was against Jewish law to teach it for money, and the teacher might only charge for lessons given in time he might otherwise devote to trade. In the higher branches of study, too, no payment at all was demanded by the Rabbis, although the doorkeepers at the school sometimes received fees. The Rabbis, accordingly, all followed some other occupation in addition to explaining and teaching the Law, and their pupils, too, were obliged to support themselves in a similar way. Hillel, it is said, was a wood-cutter. Half his earnings in these pupil days of his he devoted to supporting himself, and the other half he paid to the doorkeeper of the House of Study. He must have been very poor in these early days, for his poverty afterwards became proverbial. In later years a man who pleaded poverty as an excuse for not studying the Law met with the question, "Are you poorer than Hillel?"

One Friday he had not earned the usual sum. It was a dark, bitterly cold winter day when Hillel arrived at the school on the eve of Sabbath, and the snow was falling fast. Not having the usual fee to give the doorkeeper, he was turned away when he presented himself at the door. But so eager was he to catch the wise words falling from the lips of the Rabbis, that he took advantage of the approach-

Hillel

ing darkness, and climbed up to one of the windows of the house, and there, through a hole, he was able to listen to the "words of the living God," as explained by the Rabbis.

When the Rabbis came to the school early next morning, the dawn seemed to be delayed longer than usual, and Shemaiah turned to his colleague and said, "Brother Abtalion, our school is strangely dark this morning." Then they looked up to see whether the snow was not covering the window, and preventing the daylight from entering. But instead, they saw the form of a man on the window-sill, covered with snow. And outside they found Hillel, half-frozen with the cold and quite unconscious. He was, of course, taken down, and, although it was the Sabbath, the good Rabbis kindled a fire, prepared a hot bath, and rubbed him with oil. Hillel soon revived with warmth and food, and the Rabbis remarked, as they placed him before the fire: "Surely such a one must be worth our breaking the Sabbath, for the young man will keep many Sabbaths in return for the one which is broken for him now." They allowed him henceforward to attend the school without payment, and they soon discovered how eager Hillel was to study, and how sweet was his character.

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Of Hillel's life and his famous sayings you can read in many books.

JACK M. MYERS.

MORNING SONG

AT the dawn I seek thee,
Refuge, rock sublime;
Set my prayer before thee in the morning,
And my prayer at eventime.

I before thy greatness
Stand and am afraid:
All my secret thoughts thine eye beholdeth
Deep within my bosom laid.

And withal what is it
Heart and tongue can do?
What is this my strength, and what is even
This the spirit in me too?

But indeed man's singing
May seem good to thee;
So I praise thee, singing, while there dwelleth
Yet the breath of God in me.

SOLOMON IBN GABIROL.

(*Eleventh Century.*)

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

THEODOR HERZL

HERZL'S life and his work for Zionism seem a miracle, and this splendid, gifted, handsome man—who gave all he possessed on earth for the Jewish cause—belongs to those wonderful heroes of whom the history and legend of all peoples tell. His appearance among Jews was sudden. At the age of thirty-five he was quite unknown to our people; he lived far away from everything Jewish, but when he died, only nine years later, Herzl was our pride and our hope. His death was mourned by millions of Jews all over the world, and was looked upon as one of the greatest misfortunes.

Herzl was born in Budapest in 1860; he was the only child of intelligent, rich, liberal Jews. Splendidly gifted, he received a most careful education; he studied languages, music, classics, but very little Judaism. Herzl proved early a brilliant writer, and while yet quite young he had the honour to see one of his plays accepted by the greatest theatre of Vienna. This young man lived far away from Jewish customs and Jewish laws; he knew nothing more of the suffering of Jews than what he read sometimes in the papers; he did not yet feel like one of them, as if he were their brother. He spent

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his days in the best society of Vienna and Paris, among artists and writers, among the best-educated and wealthiest men and women.

Herzl possessed everything on earth that makes life a delight and a pleasure. He was an eloquent speaker, a successful writer, he was young, rich, handsome, and he was loved by everybody. His parents, his friends adored him; he was the husband of a charming wife and the proud father of pretty children.

Then came the "affaire Dreyfus," and Herzl, whose life had hitherto been like a pleasure garden, became the hero and the martyr of the Jewish people.

Herzl was living in Paris as correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* when the campaign against Captain Dreyfus started. This man, a Jewish officer in the French army, was accused of high treason, judged, degraded, and deported to Devil's Island. He was innocent, and his trial was directed by blind hatred against Jews—he was a Jew, and therefore it was said he could not be loyal. The best men of France, foremost among them the recent Prime Minister Clemenceau, pleaded Dreyfus' innocence, and they at last succeeded in bringing about the revision of the trial of Dreyfus, but during these struggles France was the scene of terrible antisemitism; nobody, indeed, would have expected such cruel hatred of Jews in such a civilised country.

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Herzl, who as correspondent of one of the greatest papers of Europe had access to all meetings of the French Parliament, saw how half a people stood up against one man, because he was a Jew, and more terrible still, how all Jews were called traitors because one of them was believed to be a criminal, and Herzl, who stood so far from Jews, felt that a tremendous wrong was done to this people; and suddenly he felt that he, too, belonged to it, he, too, was accused, and his pride flamed up. It came to him like a vision; as a prophet he understood the whole situation: there was only one way out of the misery—to return to the old land of our fathers, and become again a nation like other nations on earth. He understood that sixteen million people cannot go on for ever wandering through the whole world, everywhere strangers, and everywhere disliked, too.

Herzl set to work at once; he wrote his first Zionist book, *The Jewish State*, and in 1897 he called the first Zionist Congress. Here the Zionist creed, the programme of Basle, was formulated: Zionism asks a publicly recognised and legally assured home in Palestine for all Jews who cannot or do not want to remain in the countries where they live.

For the first time Jews met publicly to discuss their own affairs before the whole world, and Herzl was the soul and centre of all the work. He only

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lived for the Zionist movement. He neglected everything else, his literary work, his family. He travelled all over the world to plead our cause; he visited most of the courts of Europe to speak for the Jewish people; he was received by the Sultan, the Kaiser, the King of Italy, and the Pope. Everywhere this handsome, fascinating man made the deepest impression; he came not to beg, he asked right and freedom for his oppressed people.

Herzl's generosity had no limits; he gave all he possessed for us and our cause—his time, his work, his fortune. He was a rich man when he wrote *The Jewish State*, but after his death his family were left poor. Herzl was not only our hero, he was a martyr, too—he sacrificed more than his fortune, he gave his health, his precious young life. Nobody knew that this man, tall, strong, vigorous, suffered from heart disease—nobody but he knew it. He was sure he would die young, and he worked the harder. During the Sixth Congress, the last he attended, he carried ice on his heart to ease his pain—none knew it but he. As long as it was possible he worked. People heard at last that Herzl was ill, but nobody was aware of the seriousness of his illness, and when he died, in July, 1904, his death came like a thunderbolt to millions of Jews.

This man was ours; all he possessed he gave for all of us. What are Jewish children to do to honour his memory? Herzl wrote once in the autograph

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album of a poor little boy, whose parents were killed in a pogrom—a massacre of Jews in Russia or Poland: “I hope that some day little weak Jewish boys will grow into strong young Jews.” Let us hope all Jewish children will grow up as strong young Jewish men and women, to carry on the work for which Theodor Herzl so nobly fought and died.

SOPHIE MARCOUSÉ.

TO THEODOR HERZL

OUR Leader, dear Leader, we shall not forget—
You have not died in vain !
To the goal that you pointed our faces are set,
We are careless of pain.

There are many that wept, there are few that will
strive,
For the way is not soft;
Our Leader, dear Leader, your spirit alive
Holds our banner aloft.

Our banner, our nation, our laws and our tongue
In the Land that we love,
We shall build with the might whence our spirits are
sprung;
We have mountains to move !

We are weary of ghettos, of gift, and of loan,
Even there, in the Land.
We must make it our own, we must keep it our
own—
And the world understand !

To Theodor Herzl

Our Leader, dear Leader, a greater there came
When from Egypt we fled.
There he founded a nation to honour the Name,
And he rose and he led.

Can we dare as we dared, can we follow as far,
And a nation remain,
Till from Israel a Staff and from Jacob a Star
Shall be promised again?

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

NITTEL-NACHT

A DARK and biting winter afternoon, and yet the streets are swarming with people. Shops are bright with gilded sweets and holiday wares; from every chimney rises the sweet smell of holiday dishes—Christmas, the great festival of the nations, is at hand, and everywhere there is light and life and merry, bustling preparations. Everywhere?—no, not quite everywhere. There is one street, a narrow, dingy one, so dark and dull that it would appear as if all the gloom crowded out of the town by the holiday spirit had sought and found shelter there.

Within the tall, crooked houses the women go about with troubled faces; the men are still in the streets hawking their small wares. Now and then the musical drone of prayers breaks the stillness; all else is silent and gloomy.

From a poor room of one of the houses comes the sound of weeping. It is Veitel Packelträger's home, and within Veitel himself—the patient, the diligent—is lying on his bed by day, while Rochel, his wife, with two children dragging at her skirts and one at the breast, goes about complaining:

“Who will earn bread for the little ones, when

Nittel-Nacht

thou liest there with an injured foot? How couldst be such a Shlemiel, Veitel!"

"God has helped thus far—He will help further," replies the more optimistic Veitel. "Do thou but tend to thine own affairs, and send at last that gift to Herr Bürgermeister."

"Shema!—now he would lay this blame also on my head," cries Rochel, and falls to weeping silently.

Alas! the spirit of gloom is lodging in Veitel Packelträger's home. The sources of his trouble are twofold. One lies in the circumstance which Veitel's name indicates—namely, that he is a Packelträger [pack-carrier], a bearer of burdens, whose business in life it is to carry heavy loads from morning till night. On a recent day, when, as often before, his zeal outran his strength, he had stumbled and dropped one of the iron bars with which he was laden, on his foot, and now he lay a helpless sufferer, and there was none to earn bread.

The source of the other trouble is a deeper and more permanent one. It lies in no less a circumstance than this: that Prodow, the town in which Veitel lives, is a "Trefa-Mökum" [literally, unclean place]; in other words, a place forbidden to Jews.

Sixty-three so-called "tolerated Jews" are lawful residents therein, much to the indignation of its pious Gentile burghers; but since these sixty-three are the fertile source of the city's funds their presence must needs be endured.

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Veitel Packelträger is not of the tolerated. He is too poor; for "toleration" is a high-priced privilege. His presence in the town is a breach of the law; yet he is there, and like him many others, for in those places where it is lawful for Jews to live the crowding is too dense, the competition too keen, and only the sharpest wits can there survive. Veitel, alas! has little wit; only a pair of strong shoulders. He asks nothing but to be allowed to make a beast of burden of himself for a pittance, to labour in peace; but he may not. Three times with the others not tolerated has he been driven out of the town; but the cry of hungry children was stronger than the arm of the law, and three times did he come crawling back.

For the last few years he has had comparative peace—if peace it may be called, to rise at morn in trembling and to go to bed in fear—yet let none suppose the law had gone suddenly blind, or that it slept. No, it was wide awake; its eyes closed designedly, but not so tight that they did not blink with greedy desire at the tribute of purses of coin and tubs of butter, of casks of wine and fat geese, which the Jews laid yearly upon the altar of its good-will.

Veitel Packelträger's annual offering to the law, whose tangible form was Herr Bürgermeister, was the product of one fat goose, his only wealth, which Rochel tended and fed with pious ardour, for thereby

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hung the family weal or woe. Now Christmas eve, the time of the sacrifice, was at hand, and Veitel's offering was not yet placed.

"Now get the Yünger [little boy] ready; he must carry the gift there at once," Veitel was crying from his bed.

"Shema," cried his wife, "the child I should send!"

"Who, then? Me, perhaps? No one will eat him."

"Nay, nay—rather I will go myself."

"Shah—nonsense!" cried Veitel, and gazed with some alarm at his pretty wife, whose twenty-five years, in spite of poverty and care, lay but lightly on her graceful head.

"Veitel—hast forgotten—Nittel-Nacht! Wait—perhaps grandfather will soon be home from Schul. Thou wouldst not send the child out alone among them—and just to-night?"

"Grandfather!—Grandfather is himself a child. Why didst not have our gift ready in time?" cried Veitel.

"Must I tell thee again? Two hours I waited in Nossen Schochet's [Nathan the slaughterer's] house. Nu, certainly; first comes Frau Parnassin, then Frau Wool Merchant—anybody first—Rochel, the wife of a Packerträger, can wait!"

"Dost think I have no heart in my body? But what's to be done? Hirshl must go—have I money

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for a messenger? With thy lingering about thou wilt yet bring us and the whole Kille [community] to destruction."

Rochel wrung her hands in fear for her child, but her husband's last argument was too fully convincing. Did they not exist at the mere whim and pleasure of the Bürgermeister? His displeasure might mean suffering for the whole community. With an aching heart she placed the pot of white goose-oil and the large creamy liver, wrapped in many cloths, into a basket, and hung it upon Hirshl's arm, fortifying him the while with advice and warnings.

"Of all things, Hirshl, my life, do not pass the church. Thou knowest how they are. They might think thou wert trying to peep in, and might, God forbid, do thee an injury—and if thou meetest anyone, hide in the shadow, or if they notice thee, step aside into the gutter, and pull thy cap politely, and if anyone asks thee what thou carriest, say they are old shoes from the cobblers, and if they should molest thee—run, run as fast as thou canst."

Hirshl was a little, thin boy with a soft child's face, out of which shone strangely wide, dark, half-shrewd, half-melancholy eyes. He knew that his errand was not void of dangers; for Christmas Eve, Nittel-Nacht [St. Nicholas' Night], as it was called, has always been a favourite time for Jew raids, when the people fresh from church, where the priests had fired them with religious zeal, delighted in

Nittel-Nacht

plundering and murdering the Jews in the name of Christ, their Lord.

He knew that his father and the other men in the Gass always remained awake on this night, that they might be prepared in case of danger; but he also knew all the good hiding-places, all the dark windings and alley-ways of the town. So, grasping his basket firmly, he set out upon his errand.

Up to the end of the Jews' street he walked at ease, but at the corner, where began the enemy's world, he stopped like a frightened hare scenting the hunter's hounds. The street seemed peaceful and empty; and swiftly, noiselessly he hurried on. He passed the cemetery without a tremor; on that night it was but the living he feared. The next turning brought him to the church. He remembered his mother's warning not to pass it, but just beyond shone a bake-shop window sparkling with Christmas splendour. He longed to have a peep at all that glory. No one was stirring—he would risk it.

Just as he came opposite the church door it opened, and forth came a group of laughing men and girls who hurried away, the last one leaving the door ajar. From the shadow into which he had crept Hirshl could look within, down to the shining altar, where hung a half-naked, blood-stained effigy of Jesus of Nazareth.

"It is their God," he thought, and gazed with fear. . . .

Nittel-Nacht

How spectral the gloom of those shadowy naves ! What harrowing mysteries hid behind those dark chancel doors ! Was it there they kept that awful host, on account of which the Jews had to stay in their houses during Passion Week, and which bled—so the Christians said—when a Jew looked upon it ? Then a chancel door began slowly and noiselessly to slide ajar, and Hirshl turned and fled in terror.

The next turning brought him to the Rathhaus Square, which he dared not cross, for it was forbidden to Jews. As he was about to go another way his footsteps were arrested by the sound of shouting voices, crying :

“ Jew dog, damned hound ! ”

He knew those sounds but too well. It was one of the Gass in trouble. Creeping swiftly to the corner, he saw a pack of rowdy boys pursuing an old, feeble man, who, gasping and trembling, stumbled painfully along, dodging their missiles, and looking about with wild hunted eyes.

“ Dedè [grandfather] ! ” shrieked Hirshl. He had recognised his grandfather. With a bound he was at the old man’s side, dragging him to the corner and into a dark doorway. The old man was panting hard and trembling like a leaf. Hirshl, too, was trembling, but it was with impotent hate and fear and deep, deep pity. He soothed the old man’s hand lovingly, and his tears fell hot and fast upon it.

Nittel-Nacht

“What art doing out so late alone, Hirshl Leben?” said his grandfather at last.

“Did they hurt thee, Dedè?” sobbed Hirshl.

“Nay, nay—do not weep—’twas only a little dirt,” and patiently and stolidly the old man wiped the mud off his wrinkled face and white beard.

“Why, O why didst thou go on the Rathhaus Square? Dost not know it is forbidden?” cried Hirshl.

“Why should I not know? But it was dark, and with all the people and noise my head went like a mill-wheel—I must have lost the way.”

“Why wast not in Schul? Where didst get that basketful of apples? Why wast walking in the street?” questioned Hirshl.

“Esoi!” said the old man, for he could not tell Hirshl how he had sat behind the stove, until the thought that his son-in-law Veitel was lying ill, and there was none to earn anything, and he himself was ever eating the bread of idleness, became more painful than he could endure; and how, instead of going to Schul, he had bought a basket of apples, and had gone to peddle among the school-children.

“Esoi!” repeated the grandfather, “a Yünger [little boy] does not need to know everything,” and Hirshl questioned no more. He knew that his grandfather was very old, and sometimes childish, when he did foolish things. He started again on his errand, but his progress now was slow, for he

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had to lead the old man, whose feet were stiff with cold. At length they arrived at the Bürgermeister's house. Hirshl delivered his basket, and received as reward a gilded cake, but, knowing it to be *trefa* [unclean], he dropped it into the gutter. Then they mended their pace and arrived at home unmolested.

It was the custom of the men to spend the night in groups, playing cards, that in case of a raid they might not be taken in their sleep, and even the most pious did not condemn a game on this occasion. On account of Veitel's injured foot, his neighbours agreed to meet in his room, and soon after supper they began to arrive.

Rochel had put the younger children to bed, but fully dressed, that no time might be lost in case of danger. Hirshl as the eldest had permission to remain awake. He now sat at the corner of the table where the men were playing, watching the game, and listening to their conversation.

They spoke of many things; but through it all, like the warp of a cloth upon which the rest is woven, ran the complaining about the Gentiles; but Joel Wineseller, who was a great wit, cracked jokes continually.

The grandfather, who had been praying all the evening, now closed his prayer-book, and then he rehearsed again the pitiful tale of his street encounter.

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"If I were a man, I would kill them!" cried Hirshl, his eyes flashing rage.

"Still, still," cried the grandfather, "do not add to thy sins. It is on account of our iniquities that we are punished and in Golus [exile]."

Jacob Sofer now began to tell a harrowing tale of Polish persecutions, when, on a certain Christmas eve, a whole congregation had taken refuge in their synagogue; how there they had fought for their lives, and how, with their own hands, they had killed their wives and daughters rather than let them fall alive into the hands of the Christians. Others told similar tales, and Hirshl listened, white with horror.

"Why, O why are the people so wicked?" he mused. "When I am a man I will be so good, so pious, that the Lord will let us return to Yerushe-laim where there are no wicked Goyim."

Suddenly he was startled out of his musings by a cry of alarm.

"A knock," gasped his mother; "did you not hear a knock?"

The company listened with white, strained faces. They started; they had heard it clearly now—it *was* a knock. Someone blew out the light; Rochel fled to the bedside of her children. In Hirshl's short life there lay the memory of a time of terror, when, clinging to his father's neck, they had fled in the night, and hidden in a cold, black forest. He

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clutched his grandfather's arm in agony, and they waited with bated breath for what would follow. But all remained still; only the wind moaned, and the shutters creaked. Someone took courage to look outside. The knock came again; then they saw that it was but a broken latch tapping in the wind.

They relit their candle, and sat down to renew their game. Rochel was weeping softly at her baby's cradle.

"My God," she wailed, "why did we not remain in Fishow? They have it good—they live behind strong Ghetto gates."

The men were playing as before, but they told no more harrowing tales. Joel Wineseller's jokes fell on deaf ears; his laughter, too, was hollow. At every sound they started; they trembled at their own heart-beats.

The grandfather was busily praying again, shaking himself with pious ardour, and when he ceased, it was but to comfort Hirshl, and to tell him of that glorious time when the Messiah would come; and when all Israel would dwell at peace in Zion, each man under his own vine and fig-tree, in a land flowing with milk and honey, as the Lord has promised.

And the long night dragged wearily on; the wind sighed and moaned; the feeble candle blinked and spluttered; and little Hirshl's soul was heavy with

Nittel-Nacht

trouble and weariness. Then slowly and strangely the room waxed wide and bright, the murmuring voices came faint and distant, the wall of the house swelled like a mist, and Hirshl found himself standing in a large, fine square, just like the Rathhaus Square. Before him stood a beautiful building with a golden dome. The Holy of Holies shone at the top of a wide stair, and before it stood grandfather in a white robe as at the Seder; below were crowds of people all singing joyfully, and over all shone a bright golden light.

“It is Jerusalem!” cried Hirshl, and clapped his hands. “And the light that shines over all, that is the Shekhina.”

“Adon olom asher molach,” sang the people, and Hirshl’s heart leaped high with joy. He, too, would sing, “B’terem kol yezir nibro,” and as he opened his lips—he awoke.

Alas! the glory of Zion was fled—he was only at home in the Gass; but it was morning, and the terrors of the night were passed.

How sweet the white light of day! How sweet the smell of the simmering soup-pot! How sweetest of all the strong comfort of his father’s voice chanting the old familiar morning prayers!

MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN.

SONG FOR SIMHAS TORAH

THE Angels came a-mustering,
A-mustering, a-mustering,
The Angels came a-clustering
Around the sapphire throne.

A-questioning of one another,
Of one another, of one another,
A-questioning each one his brother
Around the sapphire throne.

Pray, who is he, and where is he,
And where is he, and where is he,
Whose shining casts—so fair is he—
A shadow on the throne?

Pray, who has up to heaven come,
To heaven come, to heaven come,
Through all the circles seven come,
To fetch the Torah down?

'Tis Moses up to heaven come,
To heaven come, to heaven come,
Through all the circles seven come,
To fetch the Torah down!

Translated from the Hebrew by Israel Zangwill.

JEWISH GIRLS AND JUDAISM

THE Jewish woman is looked upon, certainly by ourselves, and to some extent by the outside world, as the housewife *par excellence*. The value of such powers and such a reputation cannot be denied, but I want to show that, whereas almost every woman with average brains and upbringing finds herself a good housewife when the need arrives, yet it is a harder matter to fit herself to become an efficient guide in her children's religious development and general education. A great deal more might be done towards that end.

Most Jewish families look to their boys to learn a set amount of Hebrew and religion that they may reach a certain standard (a very low one) by the time they have completed their thirteenth year. Girls take their chance to some extent; for them such learning is not considered a serious matter in many homes.

But in these few words I want to show that girls must learn to *know* Judaism and attain, at the same time, to a fundamental understanding of the form and spirit of the Hebrew language, if Judaism in England is to revive and to help in carrying on the message to the world which, although few of

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us may realise it, has been the main force for the civilisation of humanity.

I am laying especial stress on the need for *girls* to have a familiar knowledge of Judaism and Hebrew, not with the idea that it is less important for boys, but with the certainty in mind that if women fail in this duty, the whole generation, the whole future for Judaism must fail too. A knowledge of Hebrew and a feeling for Judaism as the very essence of everyday life must, for future effectiveness, grow up with the child from its earliest years. To whom is the duty possible, in ordinary life—to the father or to the mother?—the duty of teaching the children the words of the Law, “to speak of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up”? Almost invariably this is possible only for the mother, the greater part of whose time is spent with the children, while the father is occupied with other duties.

How, then, are the children to receive the knowledge which is their birthright, if the girls of the present day grow up devoid of that knowledge, or satisfied with merely a smattering of it?

What we learn helps to make up the sum of what we are; and when we come to teach, it is what we *are* that we hand on to our children. It is what we are that works and rules in our children for the sake of the betterment of the world. But

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this true and full being can only be attained by knowledge—knowledge, when it has become the familiar presence of our everyday life.

Dr. Cyrus Adler in a recent biography of that giant of Rabbinic knowledge, Solomon Schechter,* quotes from one of Schechter's letters thus: ". . . And my belief is strong that the distant future will be for us if we remain ourselves." How are we to remain ourselves if we fail to understand what, in the past, has made us ourselves? And how shall we understand if we, in these days, learn nothing of, or acquire a mere surface acquaintance with, the wonderful history and literature which has shaped a type of human character to the point where an onlooker, a modern cynical writer, can feel compelled to exclaim, "The Jew was born civilised"? We are denying our heritage, we are false to the vision of our prophets and the hope of our martyrs if we content ourselves with that minimum of knowledge which to-day is the shame of our people. The world, through the ages, has, to our joy, absorbed a large share of our literature and ideals; but we do not sufficiently realise the importance of this religion and literature to ourselves and to our neighbours, nor perceive what we, with our long history of civilisation, should mean to the world. Perhaps we have not pride

* *American Jewish Year Book*, 5677, 1916-1917 (Jewish Publication Society of America).

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enough; we assuredly have no true appreciation of the wonder of our continued existence, and our unique position and opportunity as a force for good and for peace. We see misunderstanding and age-long prejudice with regard to ourselves persisting among our neighbours, a state of things which has darkened and weighed down all our hopes and efforts towards the ideal of a "holy nation." And we cannot mend all this except by dissipating the ignorance in ourselves. Let the desire be felt, and means will be found to secure this great good.

And now I come to my point once more. If Jewish girls can but achieve an insight into the true character of Judaism, can but attain a familiar knowledge of the language of their own literature, can be, in a word, themselves, then the children of the future will be equipped for the achievement of their purpose in history—the ideal of the Patriarchs—to "be a blessing."

Jewish girls, then, hold in their hands the destiny of our people as a power for good in a world which we are hoping in our days to see reborn.

NINA SALAMAN.

THE GOLDEN KEY

ONCE, upon a time far distant,
Lived, they say, an ancient monarch.
Wonderful beyond all telling
Were the riches he possessed.

There were mounds of gold and silver,
Heaps of diamonds and pearls.
Guarded had they lain for ages,
Hid within the mighty palace.

And the palace door was closèd,
Fastened, with a lock tremendous;
But the key that turned the lock
Was a little, tiny key !

Of the finest gold, the purest,
Fashioned only was the little,
Little key, and very easy,
See you, had it been to lose it.

So the king, to make his riches
Safer yet, he took the key,
And securely he attached it
To a great and heavy chain.

The Golden Key

Lo, the key art thou, my people,
To the old king's palace door !

* * * * *

Art the key to all those wondrous,
All those dear and priceless treasures :
Torah, charity and faith !—
Only, so that never, never,

Thee in all this world, my people,
Should he lose, has thy Creator
Fastened thee beyond escaping
To a great and heavy chain.

To a heavy chain of sorrows
God has made thee fast, and said :
Go, my people ! Tho' the stormwind
And the tempest rage around thee,

Thou endurest—thou endurest !

S. FRUG.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

A PROPHET'S IDEAL

THE word that Isaiah, the son of Amoz, saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem.

And it shall come to pass in the end of days,
That the mountain of the Lord's house shall be
established at the top of the mountains,

And shall be exalted above the hills;

And all the nations shall flow unto it.

And many peoples shall go and say:

"Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the
Lord,

To the house of the God of Jacob;

And he will teach us of his ways,

And we will walk in his paths."

For out of Zion shall go forth the law,

And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge between the nations,

And shall decide for many peoples;

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares

And their spears unto pruning-hooks;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,

Neither shall they learn war any more.

Isaiah ii. 1-4, and Micah iv. 1-3.

THE TALMUD

THE Talmud . . . contains, besides the social, criminal, international, human and divine Law, along with abundant explanations of laws not perfectly comprehended, corollaries and inferences from the Law, that were handed down with more or less religious reverence, an account also of the education, the arts, the sciences, the history and religion of this people for about a thousand years: most fully perhaps of the time immediately preceding and following the birth of Christianity. It shows us the teeming streets of Jerusalem, the tradesman at his work, the women in their domestic circle, even the children at play in the market-place. The priest and the Levite ministering in their holy sites, the preacher on the hillside surrounded by the multitude, even the story-teller in the bazaar: they all live, move, and have their being in these pages. Nor is it Jerusalem or even the hallowed soil of Judea alone, but the whole antique world that seems to lie embalmed in it: we find here the most curious notices of the religion of Zoroaster—how it gradually was restored to its original status; as if all things which had dropped out of the records of antique humanity had taken refuge in the Talmud.

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

“AN EYE FOR AN EYE”

THE “Lex Talionis,” or the Law of Measure for Measure, which we find in Exodus xxi. expressed in the words “eye for eye, tooth for tooth,” was a relic of the ancient Babylonian code of Hammurabi, which was in general use amongst the Semitic nations long before the days of the Exodus. In the Bible we find not only that its severity was much modified, but that even in those early days a money fine was generally inflicted in lieu of most of the penalties that the old law would have demanded. In later times the Rabbis interpreted the “Lex Talionis” as implying that a man should make a just reparation in money for the damage he had inflicted. Emanuel Deutsch writes: “The ‘Lex Talionis’ is unknown to the Talmud. ‘Paying measure for measure,’ it says, ‘is in God’s hand only.’”

A SABBATH TABLE SONG

THIS day is for Israel light and rejoicing, a
Sabbath of rest.

Thou badest us standing assembled at Sinai
That all the years through we should keep Thy
behest—

To set out a table full-laden, to honour
The Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,
A Sabbath of rest.*

Treasure of heart for the broken people,
Gift of new soul for the souls distrest,
Soother of sighs for the prisoned spirit—
The Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,
A Sabbath of rest.*

When the work of the worlds in their wonder was
finished,

Thou madest this day to be holy and blest,
And those heavy-laden found safety and stillness,
A Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,
A Sabbath of rest.*

A Sabbath Table Song

If I keep Thy command I inherit a kingdom,
If I treasure the Sabbath I bring Thee the best—
The noblest of offerings, the sweetest of incense—
A Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,
A Sabbath of rest.*

Restore us our shrine—O remember our ruin
And save now and comfort the sorely opprest
Now sitting at Sabbath, all singing and praising
The Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,
A Sabbath of rest.*

*Ascribed to ISAAC LURIA
(Sixteenth Century).*

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

A HEBREW PARABLE

An old Hebrew story tells us how a poor creature one day came to the Temple from a sick bed on tottering limbs. He was ashamed to come, for he was very poor, and had no sacrifice to offer. As he drew near, he heard the loud choir chanting: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Other worshippers came, passed before him, and offered their sacrifice; but he had none. At length he prostrated himself before the priest, who said: "What wilt thou, my son; hast thou an offering?" And he replied: "No, my father, for last night a poor widow and her children came to me, and I had nothing to offer them but the two pigeons which were ready for the sacrifice." "Bring, then," said the priest, "an ephah of fine flour." "Nay, but, my father," said the old man, "this day my sickness and poverty have left only enough for my own starving children. I have not even an ephah of flour." "Why, then, art thou come to me?" said the priest. "Because I heard them singing, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' Will He not accept my sacrifice

A Hebrew Parable

if I say, ‘Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner’?”
And the priest lifted the old man from the ground,
and he said: “Yea, thou art blessed, my son;
thy offering is better than thousands of rivers
of oil.”

S. F. P.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY THE ROMANS

IT was a strong and beautiful city on which Titus looked as he slowly rode round the walls to reconnoitre. Jerusalem was built in a bowl of mountains. Even in its ruins, and eighteen centuries later, it is written of the city which its poets called the "joy of the whole earth," "I never saw anything more essentially striking, no city except Athens whose site is so pre-eminently impressive."* In those days it was fortified by three enormous walls, and the Temple, in all its glory, stood within the innermost. To the Jews it seemed impossible that even the first and outermost of these protecting walls should be taken. Begun by Herod Agrippa, and formed of great blocks of unhewn stone, the wall stood now 45 feet high and 17 broad, and 150 battlemented towers were built up in it at intervals. But battering-rams thundered night and day, and the first wall fell after a desperate defence, and then the second, and at last only the third and innermost was left to guard the Temple.

Titus, throughout the war, was consistently

* B. Disraeli's *Home Letters*, p. 119.

Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans

disinclined for unnecessary slaughter. When the first wall was taken he had hinted at capitulation, and had offered to distinguish between the people and the garrison in his punishments. He had reviewed his splendid troops in full view of the famine-threatened city, in the hope of inducing them to surrender, and he had sent back mutilated prisoners of war to arouse a wholesome dread of his severity. It was all in vain; all idea of compromise was scouted, and when a breach was made in the second wall the defenders lined it with their living bodies, and for three dreadful days actually barred the conqueror's progress. But this wall, too, was taken, and then Titus, at his wits' end, sent Josephus as an envoy to see if it were possible to come to any terms, short of slaughter, with his countrymen. The case was desperate; Romans were without the city, and rioters within. "In hunger, in thirst, in nakedness, in want of all things," they were enduring "the siege and straitness of their enemy." And now came a messenger to them with proposals of peace. Josephus*—he is the historian of it all—gives us an account of this interview with curious frankness. He retails his own eloquence at full length, and expresses his astonishment at the indignant refusal of any party of the people even to listen to it. Perhaps there was

* Josephus had been a traitor. The history he wrote as an eyewitness of these events is his one claim to our gratitude.—*Editor.*

Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans

some mutual astonishment on the occasion. If Titus was sincere in wanting to come to terms, Josephus was certainly an oddly chosen ambassador. The sight of that fluent traitor, who had fallen so comfortably on his feet, must have been enough, in truth, to make the most peaceable citizen clutch at his sword. His mission, of course, failed. Josephus went back to his Roman patron, and his people went back to their impossible defence. A forlorn hope is sometimes better than an accomplished desire. Not one of that heroic garrison, for all their misery, would have changed places with Josephus.

The Temple had become to the Jews, in literal truth, their stronghold and their tower of defence. If only they had worshipped within those " borders of precious stones " with half the fervour that they fought there, the end might have been very different. On the 7th of Ab, 3830, of the Jewish era (corresponding to the year 70, Christian era) fire was set to the cloisters of the Temple. All that day and all the next the flames smouldered, and the people, faint with hunger and sick with misery, looked on with dull eyes, unregarding. Then again their mood changed, and on the morning of the 9th, with desperate, despairing effort, they rushed forth on the Roman swords. They were driven back, and Titus, seeing the crisis had come, summoned a hasty council of war to decide upon the fate of the

Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans

Temple. His generals, smarting under their repulses, voted for its complete destruction. Titus had some touch of human feeling, some sympathy with that passion of defence. He would have spared the Jews their Temple, and have been content to plant the Roman eagle on its walls. It was saved that last degradation. On that same evening a detachment of Roman soldiers was told off to put out the smouldering cinders of the blackened cloisters. The pent-up people, faint with famine and restless with misery, burst out once more in ineffectual fury. Once more they were driven back to the very door of the Temple, and a Roman soldier, in careless wrath, took up a burning brand and tossed it after the retreating crowd. It fell on some inflammable stuff in a porchway, and quickly the Temple itself was on fire. Titus rushed to the spot, and tried with hand and voice to stay the work of destruction. It was too late. The shadow of the sword was lifted in the light of the flames. Then that too faded and died out, and darkness closed in upon the Jews, a thick darkness that could be felt.

KATIE MAGNUS.

MARCHING SONG OF THE JUDEANS

ZION, our Mother, calling to thy sons,
We are coming, we are coming to thine aid.
Spread among the nations, we thy loving ones,
We are ready, we are coming, unafraid.

All along the ages thou wast lying waste,
We were waiting, we were looking to the goal.
Thou wast always calling, calling us to haste;
We were hoping and we heard thee in our soul.

Other men have found thee but a stony height;
It is we can bring the blessing to thy soil—
Only we, thy children, precious in thy sight—
We shall prove thee, we shall save thee by our toil.

Zion, our Mother, now thy sons depart;
We are coming while thou watchest there alone.
Heart amid the nations, beating with our heart,
We are ready, we are coming—we, thine own.

NINA SALAMAN.

4th February, 1918.

A UNIVERSITY FOR JERUSALEM

Extract from a letter of the Medical Officer of the Second Battalion of the "Judeans," describing the laying of the Foundation-Stones of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

28th July, 1918.

BEFORE I talk of the details, I must give you a general impression of the town. Disregard all you have heard of the squalor and dirt of the city, and the poverty of its buildings—even if it were true, it would not matter a bit. If Jerusalem were nothing more than a collection of mud hovels, it would still be the Queen of Cities, and worthy of one's heart's desire, for it is enthroned on the hills with a dignity that nothing can impair. Seated on the top of Mount Zion, surrounded by endless circles of mountains, separated from them by dark gorges except on the north, it commands a heavenly view. To the north-east is the Mount of Olives, and a continuation of that is Mount Scopus, the site of the University. There one gets a view that baffles description. Jerusalem sits queen-like in front of you, with the valley of Jehoshaphat between; the valley where the Jews have been buried from time immemorial is a little further to the south, above which is the Mosque of Omar situated on

A University for Jerusalem

Mount Moriah, which is just part of Mount Zion. Around the town one sees the mediæval walls; then, as far as the eye can see, are the endless Judean hills, and on the east, deep down, lies the Dead Sea, the Jordan Valley opening into it, with the mountains of Moab beyond. If one had glasses on a clear day, one would see the Mediterranean also. No University in all the world has such a site, and none can ever have such a soul-inspiring stimulus which nature and history seem to have marked out as a turning-point in the world's history. Surely, if ever "the law shall go out from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem," here is its starting-place.

The ceremony took place next day. There was a great crowd of Jerusalemites and colonists, who wended their way up Mount Scopus like pilgrims. General Allenby and his staff were there, all our party, the Zionist Commission, the Mufti (head of the Mohammedans), the Anglican Bishop, the head-mistress of the Evelina de Rothschild School, and others. There were twelve stones laid, a psalm or two in Hebrew sung by a special Zionist band, and then it began. General Allenby did not allow any of the military to lay stones, so we were out of it, but as far as I can recollect, the stones were laid by or for—the Zionist Commission, the Rabbis, Baron Rothschild, the Mufti, the Bishop, the Teachers, the Students, the Labourers, and,

A University for Jerusalem

as a delicious and prophetic climax, the last stone was laid by four little boys and girls representing the next generation. Then followed a long and fine speech by Weizmann in English, in which he showed that the Jews had always built on an intellectual basis, and that, in starting with a University instead of ending with one, they were merely following the native genius of the race.

. . . I got to bed, tired but elated, and full of the strong hope that Judaism and Jews had still something to do and something to say for the peace of mankind.

REDCLIFFE N. SALAMAN.

STORIES FROM THE TALMUD

THE law given on Mount Sinai, the masters said, though emphatically addressed to one people, belongs to all humanity. It was not given in any king's land, not in any city or inhabited spot, lest the other nations might say, "We know nothing of it." It was given on God's own highway, in the desert—not in the darkness and stillness of night, but in plain day, amid thunder and lightning. And why was it given on Sinai? Because it is the lowliest and meekest of the mountains—to show that God's spirit rests only upon them that are meek and lowly in their hearts. The Talmud taught that religion was not a thing of creed or dogma, or faith merely, but of active goodness. Scripture said, "Ye shall walk in the words of the Lord." "But the Lord is a consuming fire, how can men walk in His way?" "By being," they answered, "as He is—merciful, loving, long-suffering. Mark how on the first page of the Pentateuch, God clothed the naked—Adam; and, on the last, He buried the dead—Moses. He heals the sick, frees the captives, does good to His enemies, and He is merciful both to the living and to the dead." In close connection with this stood the relationship of men to their

Stories from the Talmud

neighbours—chiefly to those beyond the pale of creed or nationality. The Talmud distinctly and strongly sets its face against proselytism, pronouncing it to be even dangerous to the commonwealth. There was no occasion, it said, for conversion to Judaism, as long as a man fulfilled the seven fundamental laws. Every man who did so was regarded as a believer to all intents and purposes. It even went so far as to call every righteous man an Israelite. Distinct injunctions were laid down with regard to proselytes. They were to be discouraged and warned off, and told that the miseries, privations and persecutions which they wished to take upon themselves were unnecessary, inasmuch as all men were God's children, and might inherit the hereafter; but if they persisted they were to be received, and were to be ever afterward treated tenderly. They illustrated this by a beautiful parable of a deer coming from the forest among a flock of sheep, and being driven off at night, and the gate shut against it, but being after many trials at length received and treated with more tenderness than the sheep. Next stood reverence both for age and youth. They pointed out that not merely the tables of the law which Moses brought down the second time from Sinai, but also those which he broke in his rage, were carefully placed in God's tabernacle, though useless. Reverence old age. But all their most transcendental love was lavished on children.

Stories from the Talmud

All the verses of Scripture that spoke of flowers and gardens were applied to children and schools. "Do not touch mine anointed ones, and do my prophets no harm." "Mine anointed ones" were school-children, and "my prophets" their teachers.

The highest and most exalted title which they bestowed in their poetical flights upon God himself was that of "Teacher of Man." There was drought, and the most pious men prayed and wept for rain, but none came. An insignificant looking person at length prayed to Him who caused the wind to blow and the rain to fall, and instantly the heavens covered themselves with clouds and the rain fell. "Who are you," they cried, "whose prayers alone have prevailed?" And he answered, "I am a teacher of little children." When God intended to give the law to the people He asked them whom they would offer as their guarantee that they would keep it holy, and they said, "Abraham." God said, "Abraham has sinned; Isaac, Jacob, Moses himself—they have all sinned. I cannot accept them." Then they said, "May our children be our witnesses and our guarantees." And God accepted them, even as it is written, "From the mouths of the wee babes has He founded His empire." Indeed, the relationship of man to God they could not express more pregnantly than by the most familiar words which occur from one

Stories from the Talmud

end of the Talmud to the other, "Our Father in heaven."

Another simile was that of bride and bridegroom. There was once a man who betrothed himself to a beautiful maiden and then went away, and the maiden waited and waited and he came not. Friends and rivals mocked her and said, "He will never come." She went into her room and took out the letters in which he had promised to be ever faithful. Weeping she read them and was comforted. In time he returned, and inquiring how she had kept her faith so long, she showed him his letters. Israel in misery, in captivity, was mocked by the nations for her hopes of redemption; but Israel went into her schools and synagogues and took out the letters and was comforted. God would in time redeem her and say, "How could you alone among all the mocking nations be faithful?" Then Israel would point to the law and answer, "Had I not Your promise here?"

Next to women, angels were the most frequent bearers of some of the sublimest and most ideal notions of the Talmud. "Underneath the wings of the Seraphim," said the Talmud, "are stretched the arms of divine mercy, ever ready to receive sinners." Every word that emanated from God was transformed into an angel, and every good deed of man became a guardian angel to him. On Friday night, when the Jew left the synagogue, a

Stories from the Talmud

good angel and a bad angel accompanied him. If, on entering the house, he found the table spread, the lamp lighted, and his wife and children in festive garment, ready to bless the holy day of rest, the good angel said, "May the next Sabbath and the following ones be like unto this; peace unto this dwelling—peace!" and the bad angel, against his will, was compelled to say, "Amen." If, on the contrary, everything was in confusion, the bad angel rejoiced, and said, "May all your Sabbaths and week-days be like this"; while the good angel wept and said, "Amen."

According to the Talmud, when God was about to create man, a great clamouring arose among the heavenly host. Some said: "Create, O God, a being who shall praise Thee on earth, even as we sing Thy glory in heaven!" Others said, "O God! create no more; man will destroy the glorious harmony which Thou hast set on earth, as in heaven." Of a sudden God turned to the contesting host in heaven, and deep silence fell upon them all. Then before the throne of glory there appeared bending the knee the Angel of Mercy, and he prayed: "O Father, create man. He will be Thine own noble image on earth. I will fill his heart with heavenly pity and sympathy towards all creatures; they will praise Thee through him." And there appeared the Angel of Peace and wept: "O God, man will disturb Thine own peace. Blood will flow; he will invent

Stories from the Talmud

war, confusion, horror. Thy place will be no longer in the midst of all Thy earthly works." The Angel of Justice cried: "You will judge him, God! He shall be subject to my law, and peace shall again find a dwelling-place on earth." The Angel of Truth said: "Father of Truth, cease; with man you create the lie." Out of the deep silence then was heard the divine word: "You shall go with him; you, mine own seal, Truth; but you shall also remain a denizen of heaven; between heaven and earth you shall float, an everlasting link between both."

. . . To woman the Talmud ascribed all the blessings of the household. From her emanated everything noble, wise, and true. It had not words enough to impress men with the absolute necessity of getting married. Not only was he said to be bereaved of peace, joy, comfort, and faith without a wife, but he was not even called a man. "Who is best taught?" it asked; and the answer is: "He who has learned first from his mother."

These few remarks prove, as it were, but a drop in the vast ocean of Talmud—that strange, wild, weird ocean, with its leviathans, and its wrecks of golden argosies, and with its forlorn bells that send up their dreamy sounds ever and anon, while the fisherman bends upon his oar, and starts and listens, and perchance the tears may come into his eyes.

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

GOD SPEAKS TO YOU

AS God to Abraham spoke,
He speaks to you;
He tells you now, to-day,
What thing to do;
He makes a covenant now
With every Jew.

What does the Lord require?
Your love and awe,
That with the deeds of life
You keep His law,
To be that promised seed
That Abraham saw.

Behold, the great reward
The Lord will send
If with the word of God
Your days you spend:
Forever, every day,
Is God your friend.

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

THE SWALLOW

IN Jerusalem, once upon a time, there lived a swallow. Morn after morn, nestling in the foliage of the myrtle, she sang, oh, so sweetly ! Little children gathered around to listen to her song. The swallow told them wonder tales of the lands of wonder. She sang of the comely Shulamite who dwells in the hill land; of the hinds of the field, that slake their thirst in the river Pishon; of the Tree of Life and of the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden, on whose boughs perch golden birds with faces of children. Boys gave joyous ears to all these stories. They filled their hands with seed for the swallow. The swallow fed and was satisfied, and blessed God and the children.

Even had the children not given seed to the swallow, she never would have refrained from twittering and from story-telling, for she loved children dearly. The birds of the wood questioned the swallow: "Why openest thou thy beak all day to no purpose?"

"To no purpose!" exclaimed the swallow. "Lovely little children listen for my voice, and ye say 'to no purpose'!"

The Swallow

Now it happened, when Solomon was building the Temple in Jerusalem, that this swallow neither stayed nor rested, but from morn till eve carried in her beak water and clay and crumbs of earth to aid the workmen of the sanctuary. Then the wood-birds mocked her, saying: "In vain dost thou toil and labour all thy days! That building will not be called by thy name!" Whereupon the swallow made reply: "Not for the glory of my name and not to win praise do I toil, but for the service and the work's sake and for the building."

The birds taunted and jeered at her: "In a stone building, three hundred cubits in length, what matter a few beakfuls, more or less, of clay?"

"Good work," answered the swallow, "be it ever so slight, is better than none at all!"

Day by day the Temple walls rose higher. Day by day the work of the swallow grew. As every row of hewn stones was laid the swallow refilled her beak. A row of stone—a beakful of clay!

When the time came to dedicate the Temple, the building of the swallow was completed; a building graceful and comely, even though small and slender as its maker.

The angels of God descended to view the work of Solomon. In their eyes did the building of the swallow find favour above all else. They even said: "Were it not small and slender and placed behind

The Swallow

the waterspout, it would be altogether fitting for the high priest."

But because it was small and slender, and placed behind the waterspout, the swallow was permitted to stay in her nest herself, and she dwelt therein unmolested. When the Levites ascended to chant the hymn of the morning, the swallow twittered an accompaniment; and when the high priest blessed the people, the swallow sang "Amen!"

The children visited the little priestess on her nest, and brought her a morning offering—handfuls of seeds the size of stars.

The swallow twittered to them tales of marvels—of Lebanon, and of the land of Havilah, and of the city Luz where there are children of a hundred years.

The swallow lived a long life, and saw the grandchildren of the myrtle, in whose foliage she had nestled. She, too, reared children and children's children, who kept ever the way of the fathers, for swallows love little children with a pure and steadfast love.

* * * * *

When Nebuchadnezzar set fire to the Temple, the swallows flew a little distance away. They gathered water in their beaks to quench the fire. The wood-birds renewed their jeers: "Verily, wanting in sense are the swallows! The fire of God

The Swallow

rages from floor to ceiling. With beakfuls of water they think to put it out !”

Again did the swallows reply: “Good work, be it ever so slight, is better than none at all. If only one coal is extinguished, our work is not in vain.”

In their efforts to conquer the flames the swallows stayed not, nor took rest, but toiled, even as their grandmother had toiled at the building of the Sanctuary. Nor was their labour unrewarded. They saved the western wall of the Temple, and lo, it is still standing upon Mount Moriah.

And oh, the love that children have for swallows ! Woe to the boy who ever thought to destroy a swallow’s nest !

Yearly upon Tish’a be-Ab, the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple, the swallows flock about the western wall, in the hope that the builders will have come, and that they may help in the work for the Temple.

Slow are the builders in coming.

JUDAH STEINBERG.

Translated from the Hebrew by Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr

A JEWISH FAMILY

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,
UPON THE RHINE

COLERIDGE, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St. Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day; adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and the intelligence of their countenances. . . .

Genius of Raphael ! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,

A Jewish Family

Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,
And all his majesty—
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

* * * *

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

WORDSWORTH.

THE BIBLE

THE Bible, what a book! Large and wide as the world, based on the abysses of creation, and peering aloft into the blue secrets of heaven; sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity are contained in this one book. It is the book of God. The Jews may readily be consoled at the loss of Jerusalem, and the Temple, and the Ark of the Covenant, and all the crown jewels of King Solomon. Such forfeiture is as naught when weighed against the Bible, the indestructible treasure that they have saved. That one book is to the Jews their country, their possessions—at once their ruler and their weal and woe. Within the well-fenced boundaries of that book they live and have their being; they enjoy their alienable citizenship, are strong to admiration; thence none can dislodge them. Absorbed in the perusal of their sacred book, they little heeded the changes that were wrought in the real world around them. Nations rose and vanished, states flourished and decayed, revolutions raged throughout the earth—but they, the Jews, sat poring over this book, unconscious of the wild chase of time that rushed on above their heads.

H. HEINE.

MARTYR-SONG

BREAK out in loud lamenting,
Thou sombre martyr-song,
That all aflame I have carried
In my silent soul so long.

Into all ears it presses,
Thence every heart to gain—
I have conjured up so fiercely
The thousand-year-old pain.

The great and small are weeping,
Even men so cold of eye;
The women weep and the flowers,
The stars are weeping on high.

And all these tears are flowing
In silent brotherhood,
Southward—flowing and falling
All into Jordan's flood.

H. HEINE.

Translated from the German by Nina Salaman.

THE PROMISE

HE hath remembered His covenant for ever,
The word which He commanded to a thousand
generations;

[The covenant] which He made with Abraham,
And His oath unto Isaac;

And He established it unto Jacob for a statute,
To Israel for an everlasting covenant;

Saying, "Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance."

Psalm cv. 8-11.

YOM KIPPUR

I SAW a people rise before the sun,
A noble people scattered through the lands,
To be a blessing to the nations, spread
Wherever mortals make their home; without
A common soil and air, 'neath alien skies,
But One in blood and thought and life and law,
And One in righteousness and love, a race
That, permeating, purified the world—
A pure fresh current in a brackish sea,
A cooling wind across the fevered sand,
A music in the wrangling market-place;
For wheresoe'er a Jew dwelt, there dwelt Truth,
And wheresoe'er a Jew was, there was Light,
And wheresoe'er a Jew went, there went Love.
This people saw I shake off sleep, ere flamed
The sunrise of Atonement Day, and haste,
The rich and poor alike, the old and young,
Each from his house unto the House of God,
The whole race closelier knit that day by one
Electric thought that flashed through all the world.
And there from dawn to sunset, and beyond,
They prayed and wept and fasted for their few
Backslidings from the perfect way; for they
Did Justice and loved Mercy, and with God

Yom Kippur

Walked humbly; Pride and Scorn they knew not;
Lust

Of Gold or Power darkened not their souls;
The faces of the poor they did not grind,
But lived as Man with Man; yet all the day
In self-abasement did they pray and fast.
The ancient tongue of patriarchs and seers,
A golden link that bound them to the Past,
Was theirs; as woven by their saints
And rabbis into wondrous songs of praise
And sorrow; sad, remorseful strains, and sweet,
Soft, magic words of comfort. As they prayed
They meditated on the words they spake,
And thought of those who wrote them—royal souls
In whom the love of Zion flamed; poets clad
Not in the purple, sages scorning not
The cobbler's bench; and then they mused on all
The petty yet not unheroic lives
Of those who, spite of daily scorn, in face
Of sensual baits, kept fast the marriage-vows
Which they in youth had pledged their Bride, the
Law,
Whom they had taken to their hearths; no spirit
Austere and mystic, cold and far away,
But human-eyed, for mortal needs create,
Who linked her glory with their daily lives,
Bringing a dowry not unblent with tears—
A marriage made in Heaven to hallow Earth.
They thought of countless martyrs scorning life

Yom Kippur

Weighed 'gainst their creed; poor, simple workmen
made
Imperial by their empery of pain;
Who clomb the throne of fire and draped themselves
In majesty of flame, and haughtily
As king for king awaited Death's approach.
The inspiration of such lives as these
Was on the worshippers; the stormy passion
Of their old, rugged prophets filled their hearts
With yearning, aspiration infinite,
Submerging puny fears about themselves,
Their individual fates in either world,
In one vast consciousness of Destiny.
For other Faiths, like glowworms glittering,
Had come to lift the darkness and were dark.
And other Races, splendid in their might,
Had flashed upon the darkness and were gone.
But they had stood; a Tower all the waves
Of all the seas confederate could not shake;
And in the Tower a perpetual light
Burned, an eternal witness to the Hand
That lit it. So all day they prayed and wept
And fasted. And the sun went down and night
Came on; and twilight filled the House of God,
And the grey dusk seemed filled with floating shapes
Of prophets and of martyrs lifting hands
Of benediction. Then a mighty voice
Arose and swelled, and all the bent forms swayed,
As when a wind roars, shaking all the trees

Yom Kippur

In some dim forest, and from every throat
Went up with iteration passionate
The watchword of the Host of Israel,
"The Lord our God is one! The Lord is God!
The Lord is God!" And suddenly there came
An awful silence. Then the trumpet's sound
Thrilled. . . .

And I awoke, for lo! it was a dream.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

THE FUTURE OF THE JEW

WHAT has prevented this constantly migrating people, this veritable Wandering Jew, from degenerating into brutalised vagabonds, into vagrant hordes of gipsies? The answer is at hand. In its journey through the desert of life, for eighteen centuries, the Jewish people carried along the Ark of the Covenant, which breathed into its heart ideal aspirations, and even illuminated the badge of disgrace affixed to its garment with an apostolic glory. The proscribed, outlawed, universally persecuted Jew felt a sublime noble pride in being singled out to perpetuate and to suffer for a religion which reflects eternity, by which the nations of the earth were gradually educated to a knowledge of God and morality, and from which is to spring the salvation and redemption of the world. The consciousness of his glorious apostolic office sustained the sufferer, and even stamped the sufferings as a portion of the sublime mission.

Such a people, which disdained its present, but has the eye steadily fixed on its future—which lives, as it were, on hope, is, on that very account, eternal like hope.

H. GRAETZ.

PEDLARS IN THE GHETTO OF AMSTERDAM

“**S**TAY and try,
Passer-by,
Here is honest ware.”
Princely eyes,
Poor disguise—
Are you peddling there?
After twice a thousand years,
After thrice a million tears,
Still your wares you cry?
You, who offered truth to man
Long ere Europe’s trade began,
Now with coat, or pot, or pan,
Hail the passer-by.

“Men disdain
Heart and brain,
Scorn our honest ware;
So we dwell,
Ill or well,
Bargaining with despair.
After twice a thousand years,
After thrice a million tears,
For the Lord we wait.
Is not justice all His plan?
When the fool has run his span
We shall offer truth to man
Back at Zion’s gate.”

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

JEHUDA HALEVI

JEHUDA HALEVI, the greatest Hebrew poet who has lived since Isaiah and the psalmists and the other poets of the Bible, was born in Spain in 1086 and died in Palestine about 1141.

Almost the only happy times in the history of the Jews since they lost their land were spent by those who had the good fortune to live under the Moors in Spain during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. There, and during that time, Hebrew poetry rose to heights which it has never reached in the lands where the Hebrew people has been harassed by persecution. Much beautiful Hebrew poetry was written in Spain, and all the poets acknowledged Jehuda Halevi as their model and master; but a later poet, Harisi, said of him :

“ All who have gone forth in his footsteps to learn how his songs are wrought, have not achieved even unto the dust of his chariot wheels. But all the singers take up his words and kiss the place where his feet have passed.”

Like so many of the Hebrew poets Jehuda Halevi was a physician. In his busy life in Toledo he was surrounded by a host of friends to whom he wrote many fine poems. We have also a great number of

Jehuda Halevi

his love songs and wedding odes, letters and riddles, and some philosophical writings. But his most beautiful poems are his sacred songs, and particularly those addressed to Zion. His wonderful ode to Zion **צִיּוֹן הִלָּא תִשְׁאֲלֵי** is read to-day in Hebrew congregations all over the world on the 9th of Ab, when, first by Babylon and again, over 400 years later, by Rome, Jerusalem was destroyed. "I am a harp for thy songs," he cries to Zion in this poem; and in another verse: "O who will give me wings that I may fly afar and lay the ruins of my heart among thy ruins."

As the years went on, Jehuda's longing for Zion grew so overmastering that, at last, he decided to leave everything he loved in Spain—his only daughter and her little son Jehuda—to brave the dangers of the way and to journey to the land of his dreams. He wrote many beautiful poems on the voyage and in the countries through which he passed on the way. Once, on the sea, as evening fell and the stars came out, he wrote of the sea and the sky:

"They are like two seas bound up together;
And between them is my heart—a third sea
Lifting up ever anew its waves of praise."

The story goes that when he reached Palestine, he only looked upon the ruins of his beloved Zion and died at her feet, shot down by an Arab horseman as he stood singing his wonderful ode.

Jehuda Halevi

The poet Swinburne has written a few lines, in a poem called "The Triumph of Time," about another singer of the Middle Ages—lines which always make me think of the life, the love, and the death of Jehuda Halevi:

"There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he."

The French singer loved and sought the lady of his dreams; but she whom the Rabbi loved, as Heine has said—"her name was Jerusalem."

NINA SALAMAN.

TO THE GLORY OF JERUSALEM

BEAUTIFUL height ! O joy—the whole world's
gladness !

O great King's city, mountain blest !
My soul is yearning unto thee—is yearning
From limits of the west.

The torrents heave from depths of mine heart's
passion,
At memory of thine olden state;
The glory of thee borne away to exile,
Thy dwelling desolate.

And who shall grant me, on the wings of eagles,
To rise and seek thee through the years,
Until I mingle with thy dust belovèd,
The waters of my tears ?

I seek thee, though thy King be no more in thee,
Though where the balm hath been of old—
Thy Gilead's balm—be poisonous adders lurking,
Winged scorpions manifold.

Is it not to thy stones I shall be tender ?
Shall I not kiss them verily ?
Shall not the earth-taste on my lips be sweeter
Than honey—the earth of thee ?

JEHUDA HALEVI.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

SOME PHARISAIC DELICACIES

A FEW years back the present writer had two quaint experiences in Jerusalem.

During the whole forenoon of a day near the Passover he went the rounds of the poorest quarter with a Jewish doctor. The latter was a severe pietist of the olden Pharisaic order, but a fine fellow, some will say despite, others will prefer to say because of, that. The round was heavy, and the doctor and his companion were unable to take lunch until a late hour. The doctor was obviously more than hungry, he was famished. The writer remonstrated with him for allowing himself to fall into so faint a condition. "But," protested the doctor, "I never break my fast till my round of these wretched folk is over. Were I full, how could I sympathize with the empty?" Indeed the doctor had for the most part written, not prescriptions for medicines, but orders for food. "What these poor souls needed," added he, "was nourishment, not drugs. And well I knew it from my own condition."

This delicate sincerity was in fact a piece of antique Pharisaism. Aforetime, in Jerusalem, when public fasts were proclaimed under stress

Some Pharisaic Delicacies

of scarcity, no man was allowed to lead in prayer unless he, too, had an empty larder at home.

The second experience occurred two days later. The writer then paid a visit of ceremony to the Haham Bashi, the head of the Sephardic Jews in the Holy City. It was the first day of Passover, and the Rabbi's salon was crowded. He received his English guest with Oriental courtesy, but offered no refreshments. The Haham apologised. "On Passover," he exclaimed, "it is my rule never to partake of food away from home. I cannot therefore invite you to eat in my house." In other words, since his scrupulosity as to the Passover diet made him decline to eat abroad, he refused to presume (as he might well have done) that I would recognise in him so superior a pietist, as to consent to do with him what he would not do with me.

It was a whispered confidence. The Haham Bashi would have been appalled at the suggestion of making a display of higher virtue. And his nicety, like the doctor's sensitiveness, had its roots in the past. Whatever else he was, the olden Pharisee was a gentleman. For one boorish Pharisee who thanked God for not making him a rustic, there was a whole group of more mannerly Pharisees who refused to boast that they were not as other men.

After the fall of Jerusalem, the Sanhedrin moved to Jabne. "There was," records the Talmud, "a

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familiar saying in the mouths of the Rabbis of Jabne running thus: 'I am God's creature, so is my fellow-man; my work is in the city, his in the field; I rise early for my work, he rises early for his; as he cannot excel in my work, so cannot I excel in his work. Dost thou indeed say: I do much, he does little [in the service of God]? Nay, we have been taught: It matters not whether one offers much or little, so long as the offerer directs his heart to Heaven!'"

. . . The Pharisee carried the principle of action "within the line of law" to remarkable lengths. Beloved of God is he who does not exact his full rights; beloved of man he who does not stand on his dignity. Abba the Priest always kept away from crowds, to avoid troubling the people to salute him. Another paid an unjust demand, rather than tempt his neighbour to swear falsely to his claim. Jerusalem, said a Rabbi, was laid waste because the judges decided by the letter of the law instead of passing "within the line." Thus, in the Pharisaic philosophy of history, it was a fatal, unforgivable offence to fail in that delicacy of touch which rarely goes with law, but did go with Rabbinic law.

The aged Rabbi Ishmael was on the road, and met one laden with wood. The latter put his burden down to rest, and then asked the Rabbi to help him to reshoulder it. Now, being old, Ishmael was not bound by law to help the wayfarer. Nevertheless, as he could not render help, he purchased the wood,

Some Pharisaic Delicacies

for, says the Talmud, Ishmael acted within the line of the law. We are told of the judge who would decide in favour of the richer litigant, and then refund the money to the poorer out of his own pocket. Thus did he fulfil the text (2 Sam. viii. 15), which describes David as executing "justice and charity," for so the Rabbis translate the phrase. Justice to the rich, by delivering a true verdict, charity to the poor, by making his loss good.

Principles of this type led to a wide expansion of the concept of bribery. No Rabbi might sit as judge when either litigant had rendered the Rabbi the slightest service. Abba Areka refused to try a case which involved the keeper of the inn at which the Rabbi sometimes lodged. Mar Samuel followed the same course, when one of the litigants was a man who had helped him to alight from a ferry. When Ishmael's gardener, for the latter's own convenience, carried to town for the Rabbi's use a basket of the Rabbi's own fruit on a Thursday instead of the usual Friday, the Rabbi refused to try a case in which the gardener was a party. A man gave Rabbi Elisha the first shearings as his priestly due. He then brought his case. Elisha declined both the shearings and the case. The present writer was refused a hearing on a small ritual matter by the Cairo Rabbi because he had been introduced by a common friend. "I cannot," said he, "but be affected in your favour by my regard for him who sent you!"

Some Pharisaic Delicacies

All this delicacy, as Professor Amram well indicates, the Pharisees justified on legal grounds. For the text does not prohibit the acceptance of money; it forbids the taking of bribes. One may be bribed by other things than money. There is prejudice; there is friendship. A. was not permitted to attend court in fine clothes, while his opponent B. was poorly clad. They said to A., "Dress like B. or provide him with a suit as good as yours." Appearances influence. "I never judge a student," said one Rabbi, "for I love a student as my own soul, and no man is a competent judge of his own soul." "Judge not friend or foe," said another, "for in a friend one sees no evil, in a foe no good."

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Nearly akin to this conception is another, equally derived by Pharisaic lawyers from the law. They made great moral play with the term *oppression*. The Pharisaic Code of Law (the Mishnah) lays down this principle: "Just as there is oppression (imposition) in cases of buying and selling, so there is oppression in words. One shall not say to another, 'What is the price of this article?' when he has no intention to purchase it. One shall not say to another who has repented: 'Remember thy former deeds.' One must not say to descendants of proselytes: 'Recollect the deeds of your forefathers.' For it is said (Exod. xxii. 21): 'And thou shalt not

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vex, neither shalt thou oppress him.'” To these illustrations of the earlier Code, the later Talmud adds others. “If a proselyte would learn the Bible, say not to him: ‘Shall the mouth that ate carrion recite the words spoken from the mouth of Power?’ One who has no money must not cast his eyes on wares, thus raising in the vendor an unfounded hope. Where there has been a hanging in a family, do not speak of hanging up fish in presence of a relative.”

. . . Rabbi Judah characterised all these things as “matters *entrusted to the heart*.” Runs the text: “Ye shall not oppress one another, but thou shalt fear the Lord” (Lev. xxv. 17). Oppression, wrong which is not penalised by the letter of the law, is a matter of conscience, it is part of that inner sin which the fear of God should cast out. “Stealing the mind” is another term for this type of offence. The worst thief is he who leaves another under a misapprehension. You must not pretend to open a new cask of wine for a friend’s delectation when you would have had to open it in any case. You must not advise a man (even though the advice is good) to sell his field when you want to buy it. You ought not to invite a man to dine with you on a day on which, as you have good reason for knowing, he is already engaged. If you encounter a friend by chance do not let him imagine that you had designed to meet him.

Some Pharisaic Delicacies

These refinements, odd as some of them are, easily pass into magnanimity. The Pharisees are high in their praise of the heathen upon whom a delegacy of the Sanhedrin waited for the purchase of a gem for the high priest's vestment. They offered their price, but the heathen refused to sell until his father, under whose pillow the jewel rested, woke from his sleep. The delegacy raised their price in vain. On the father's awakening, the bargain was completed. But the vendor refused to accept more than the price first offered. "I had made up my mind already to take what you tendered," he explained. Simon son of Shetah, to quote another well-known incident, bought an ass, and a jewel was found round its neck. He restored the jewel, saying: "I bought an ass, not a jewel." All such things, where one party is cognisant of facts hidden from the other, are among the matters "entrusted to the heart," for which man is directly accountable to God. And he who comes well out of the test "sanctifies the Name."

Such delicacies, some few illustrations of which have been cited out of hundreds, penetrate to the depths. Equally notable is their range. No aspect of life is left untouched. A man must not walk in his field on Sabbath to observe what work needs doing on the morrow.—The broken tablets, as well as the second perfect pair, were placed in the Ark, so a decrepit scholar who has forgotten his

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learning must not be without honour.—Tell the truth and nothing but the truth, but 'tis no perjury to call a homely bride beautiful. And, in general, never decry your neighbour's bargain.—No man must retain in his pocket a spurious coin, nor keep in his house an inaccurate measure.—Pay your bills promptly; as the later sage put it, Go to bed without supper and rise up without debt.—Over stolen bread beware that you utter no blessing to the Lord.—If a man owes you money, avoid him; he will think you are thinking of the loan.—Never fail of a promise to a child, lest he learn to lie. . . .—Never use the crown of the Law for self-aggrandisement.—Remove thine own blemish first. Rabbi Jannai's tree overhung the street. So did the tree of X. The people brought an action against X. for trespass. The case came before Jannai, who deferred the hearing for twenty-four hours. Overnight he cut his own offending branches; next day he ordered X. to do likewise. It is significant that the Talmud, after recording the incident, thinks it necessary to inquire why Jannai had not sooner lopped off his branches. The answer is that he thought the public enjoyed the shade, but when they entered action against X. he realised that they considered it a nuisance.

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Such a miscellany of familiar anecdotes and maxims could be indefinitely enlarged. But enough has been quoted. Much of it has been quaint. In

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a sense a chapter has been written in the history of the curiosities of manners. But it is obvious that there is more in it than that. An aroma of the beauty of holiness hovers o'er it all. We have been enjoying the scent of flowers which grew on the stem of pietism.

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS.

HOMELESS

O, MOTHER, in the street to-day
I saw an old, old man;
His eyes were sad; I stopped my play,
And to his side I ran;
Upon his back a heavy sack;
His beard was white, his eyes were black.

I touched this traveller's staff; I said:

"What have you in your bag?"

He did not smile; he shook his head:

"My people's load I drag;

The staff of faith is in my hand;

My son, I seek the Holy Land."

"And who is King," I wondering said,

"And rules the land you seek?"

The old man smiled, and shook his head;

"His name I dare not speak—

But there my sack and staff shall fall,

And I'll grow young and straight and tall."

With age he trembled as he spoke,

And said: "I shall not die."

Though worn and ragged was his cloak,

He said: "A prince am I.

My son, this wonder you will see,"

He said, "for you'll be there with me."

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

IN THAT DAY

AND it shall come to pass in that day,
That the Lord will set His hand again the
second time

To recover the remnant of His people,
That shall remain from Assyria, and from Egypt,
And from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam,
And from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the
islands of the sea.

And He will set up an ensign for the nations,
And will assemble the dispersed of Israel,
And gather together the scattered of Judah
From the four corners of the earth.

Isaiah xi. 11-12.

A SONG

I HAVE planted a garden, O pure soul !
With plants of knowledge my garden grows.
Then come and take what pleaseth thee,
Here a fruit and there a rose.

And if thou reach a lovely thing,
Break into song to God alone;
For He it is gives man the strength
To render Wisdom's Words his own.

AZARIAH DEI ROSSI
(Sixteenth Century).

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER

THE moment came near for the Polish centenarian grandmother to die. From the doctor's statement it appeared she had only a bad quarter of an hour to live. Her attack had been sudden, and the grandchildren she loved to scold could not be present.

She had already battled through the great wave of pain, and was drifting beyond the boundaries of her earthly refuge. The nurses, forgetting the trouble her querulousness and her overweening dietary scruples had cost them, hung over the bed on which the shrivelled entity lay. They did not know she was living again through the one great episode of her life.

Nearly forty years back, when (though already hard upon seventy and a widow) a Polish village was all her horizon, she received a letter. It arrived on the eve of Sabbath on a day of rainy summer. It was from her "little boy"—her only boy—who kept a country inn seven-and-thirty miles away, and had a family. She opened the letter with feverish anxiety. Her son—her *Kaddish*—was the apple of her eye. The old woman eagerly perused the Hebrew script, from right

The Sabbath-Breaker

to left. Then weakness overcame her and she nearly fell.

Embedded casually enough in the four pages was a passage that stood out for her in letters of blood: "I am not feeling very well lately; the weather is so oppressive and the nights are misty. But it is nothing serious; my digestion is a little out of order, that's all." There were roubles for her in the letter, but she let them fall to the floor unheeded. Panic fear, travelling quicker than the tardy post of those days, had brought rumour of a sudden outbreak of cholera in her son's district. Already alarm for her boy had surged about her heart all day; the letter confirmed her worst apprehensions. Even if the first touch of the cholera fiend was not actually on him when he wrote, still he was by his own confession in that condition in which the disease takes easiest grip. By this time he was on a bed of sickness—nay, perhaps on his death-bed, if not dead. Even in those days the little grandmother had lived beyond the common span; she had seen many people die, and knew that the Angel of Death does not always go about his work leisurely. In an epidemic his hands are too full to enable him to devote much attention to each case. Maternal instinct tugged at her heart-strings, drawing her towards her boy. The end of the letter seemed impregnated with special omen—"Come and see me soon, dear little mother.

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"I shall be unable to get to you for some time." Yes, she must go at once—who knew but that it would be the last time she would look upon his face?

But then came a terrible thought to give her pause. The Sabbath was just "in"—a moment ago. Driving, riding or any manner of journeying, was prohibited during the next twenty-four hours. Frantically she reviewed the situation. Religion permitted the violation of the Sabbath on one condition—if life was to be saved. By no stretch of logic could she delude herself into the belief her son's recovery hinged upon her presence—nay, analysing the case with the cruel remorselessness of a scrupulous conscience, she saw his very illness was only a plausible hypothesis. No; to go to him now were beyond question to profane the Sabbath.

And yet, beneath all the reasoning, her conviction that he was sick unto death, her resolve to set out at once, never wavered. After an agonising struggle she compromised. She could not go by cart—that would be to make others work into the bargain, and would moreover involve a financial transaction. She must walk! Sinful as it was to transgress the limit of two thousand yards beyond her village—the distance fixed by Rabbinical law—there was no help for it. And of all the forms of travelling, walking was surely the least sinful. The Holy One—blessed be He!—would know she

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did not mean to work; perhaps in His mercy He would make allowance for an old woman who had never profaned His rest-day before.

And so, that very evening, having made a hasty meal, and lodged the precious letter in her bosom, the little grandmother girded up her loins to walk the seven-and-thirty miles. No staff took she with her, for to carry such came under the Talmudical definition of work. Neither could she carry an umbrella, though it was a season of rain. Mile after mile she strode briskly on, towards that pallid face that lay so far beyond the horizon, and yet ever shone before her eyes like a guiding-star. "I am coming, my lamb," she muttered. "The little mother is on the way."

It was a muggy night. The sky, flushed with a weird, hectic glamour, seemed to hang over the earth like a pall. The trees that lined the roadway were shrouded in a draggling vapour. At midnight the mist blotted out the stars. But the little grandmother knew the road ran straight. All night she walked through the forest, fearless as Una, meeting neither man nor beast, though the wolf and the bear haunted its recesses, and snakes lurked in the bushes. But only the innocent squirrels darted across her path. The morning found her spent, and almost lame. But she walked on. Almost half the journey was yet to do.

She had nothing to eat with her; food, too, was

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an illegal burden, nor could she buy any on the holy day. She said her Sabbath morning prayer walking, hoping God would forgive the disrespect. The recital gave her partial oblivion of her pains. As she passed through a village the dreadful rumour of cholera was confirmed; it gave wings to her feet for ten minutes, then bodily weakness was stronger than everything else, and she had to lean against the hedges on the outskirts of the village. It was nearly noon. A passing beggar gave her a piece of bread. Fortunately it was unbuttered, so she could eat it with only minor qualms lest it had touched any unclean thing. She resumed her journey, but the rest had only made her feet move more painfully and reluctantly. She would have liked to bathe them in a brook, but that, too, was forbidden. She took the letter from her bosom and re-perused it, and whipped up her flagging strength with a cry of "Courage, my lamb! the little mother is on the way." Then the leaden clouds melted into sharp lines of rain, which beat into her face, refreshing her for the first few moments, but soon wetting her to the skin, making her sopped garments a heavier burden, and reducing the pathway to mud, that clogged still further her feeble footsteps. In the teeth of the wind and the driving shower she limped on. A fresh anxiety consumed her now—would she have strength to hold out? Every moment her pace lessened, she was moving like a snail. And

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the slower she went, the more vivid grew her pre-science of what awaited her at the journey's end. Would she even hear his dying word? Perhaps—terrible thought—she would only be in time to look upon his dead face! Mayhap that was how God would punish her for her desecration of the Holy Day. "Take heart, my lamb!" she wailed. "Do not die yet. The little mother comes."

The rain stopped. The sun came out, hot and fierce, and dried her hands and face, then made them stream again with perspiration. Every inch won was torture now, but the brave feet toiled on. Bruised and swollen and crippled, they toiled on. There was a dying voice—very far off yet, alas! that called to her, and as she dragged herself along she replied: "I am coming, my lamb. Take heart! the little mother is on the way. Courage! I shall look upon thy face, I shall find thee alive!"

Once a waggoner observed her plight and offered her a lift, but she shook her head steadfastly. The endless afternoon wore on—she crawled along the forest-way, stumbling every now and then from sheer faintness, and tearing her hands and face in the brambles of the roadside. At last the cruel sun waned, and reeking mists rose from the forest pools. And still the long miles stretched away, and still she plodded on, torpid from over-exhaustion, scarcely conscious, and taking each step only because she had taken the preceding. From time to time her

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lips mumbled: "Take heart, my lamb! I am coming." The Sabbath was "out" ere, broken and bleeding, and all but swooning, the little grandmother crawled up to her son's inn, on the border of the forest. Her heart was cold with fatal foreboding. There was none of the usual Saturday night litter of Polish peasantry about the door. The sound of many voices weirdly intoning a Hebrew hymn floated out into the night. A man in a caftan opened the door, and mechanically raised his forefinger to bid her enter without noise. The little grandmother saw into the room behind. Her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren were seated on the floor—the seat of mourners.

"Blessed be the true Judge!" she said, and rent the skirt of her dress. "When did he die?"

"Yesterday. We had to bury him hastily ere the Sabbath came in."

The little grandmother lifted up her quavering voice, and joined in the hymn, "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God: upon a harp of ten strings will I sing praises unto Thee."

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The nurses could not understand what sudden inflow of strength and impulse raised the mummified figure into a sitting posture. The little grandmother thrust a shrivelled claw into her peaked, shrunken bosom, and drew out a paper, crumpled and yellow

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as herself, covered with strange crabbed hieroglyphics, whose hue had long since faded. She held it close to her bleared eyes—a beautiful light came into them, and illumined the million-puckered face. The lips moved faintly: “I am coming, my lamb!” she mumbled. “Courage! The little mother is on the way. I shall look on thy face. I shall find thee alive.”

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

“ WHERE SHALL I FIND THEE ? ”

O LORD, where shall I find Thee ?
All-hidden and exalted is Thy place;
And where shall I not find Thee ?
Full of Thy glory is the infinite space.

Found near-abiding ever,
He made the earth's ends, set their utmost bar;
Unto the nigh a refuge,
Yea, and a trust to them who wait afar.
Thou sittest throned between the Cherubim,
Thou dwellest high above the cloud-rack dim.
Praised by Thine hosts and yet, beyond their praises,
Forever far exalt;
The endless whirl of worlds may not contain Thee,
How, then, one heaven's vault ?

And Thou, withal uplifted
O'er man, upon a mighty throne apart,
Art yet forever near him,
Breath of his spirit, life-blood of his heart.
His own mouth speaketh testimony true
That Thou his Maker art alone; and who
Shall say he hath not seen Thee ? Lo ! the heavens
And all their host aflame
With glory show Thy fear in speech unuttered,
With silent voice proclaim.

Where shall I Find Thee?

Longing I sought Thy presence,
Lord, with my whole heart did I call and pray,
And going out toward Thee,
I found Thee coming to me on the way;
Yea in Thy wonders' might as clear to see
As when within the shrine I looked for Thee.
Who shall not fear Thee? Lo! upon their shoulders
Thy yoke divinely dread!
Who shall forbear to cry to Thee, That givest
To all their daily bread?

And can the Lord God truly—
God, the Most High—dwell here within man's
breast?

What shall he answer, pondering—
Man, whose foundations in the dust do rest?
For Thou art holy, dwelling 'mid the praise
Of them that waft thee worship all their days.
Angels adoring, singing of Thy wonder,
Stand upon Heaven's height;
And Thou, enthroned o'erhead, all things upholdest
With everlasting might.

JEHUDA HALEVI.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

SUCCOTH* IN A JEWISH COLONY IN PALESTINE

ON the night of the Day of Atonement the moon was so bright that except for the twinkling of the stars one would have imagined that it was daylight. All had broken their fast and were now standing at their doors, gossiping with the neighbours, while the boys and girls stood near listening eagerly to what was being discussed.

What do you think it was? They were discussing whether they would start that evening building their Succahs; for it was the custom, when they had partaken of the last meal after the fast, to start preparing the Succah. This was a delight to the young folks, for after the elders had put the poles and framework up, the decorating of the Succah was generally left altogether to the boys and girls.

So this was the reason for their great interest in the discussion! At last their patience was rewarded and they were told to fetch shovel and pickaxe and to start digging the large holes. What rushing about there was, for all wanted to have a hand in the work! When the poles were set up

* Or, "The Feast of Tabernacles."—[EDITOR.]

Succoth in a Jewish Colony in Palestine

and the framework all finished, Elijah Salic called the other boys together and they arranged that after school next day they would go off and cut branches in the vineyard, as well as branches from the cedar and olive trees. You can imagine that their master did not find them easy to manage the next day, for they were so excited.

At last, when school was over, they were so eager to get on with the Succah that their mothers could not persuade them to have their usual meal, and they rushed off with hatchets, followed by a whole group of boys who wanted to get their boughs too.

They worked very hard, even after sunset, for the full-moon nights in Palestine are nearly as bright as daylight. In fact, they wanted to work all night, and very reluctant were they to go home when their mothers sent their sisters to call them, for each family of boys wanted their Succah to be the best in the colony.

In Palestine, Succoth is kept very strictly, as commanded in Leviticus xxiii. and in Deuteronomy xvi.: "After thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine thou shalt observe the Feast of Tabernacles, on the fifteenth day of the seventh month. The first day and the eighth day shall be a Sabbath, and ye shall take the fruits of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and boughs of thick trees and willows of the brook. All that are Israelites born shall dwell

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in booths seven days, that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths when I brought them out of the land of Egypt. I am the Lord your God. And thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God a free-will offering according as He has blessed thee, and thou shalt rejoice before Him, thou and thy children and thy men and maid servants and the Levite and the stranger and the widow and the fatherless that are among you. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt. Thou shalt observe and do these statutes for ever."

The next afternoon they started off again, and this time they went farther so as to get some palm branches from the higher and bigger palm-trees that grew outside the colony, for as yet the palm-trees were still quite small in the colony. As they did not often have the chance of climbing the taller trees, as the young Arabs had, they often fell down before reaching the top, and then, of course, all the other boys would laugh at them. At last one or two would reach the top and break off and throw down the branches, which the others would tie in bundles and take home to their sisters to decorate the Succah. This was a great delight to the girls, and how beautifully they covered and decorated the framework of the Succah, and then hung the nicest and brightest-coloured curtains they had round the walls! Pictures of the Temple and of Moses

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and the other great Bible heroes were hung up too. Some palm branches were formed into the shape of a large Magen David.*

At last, just a few hours before sunset, on the eve of Succoth, the girls started to tie the fruits by coloured ribbons to the boughs, which lightly covered the roof.

There were large bunches of black and white grapes, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, apples, figs, almonds, and other fruits; a bottle of wine and one of oil were also hung on the boughs with bright ribbons. Oh, how lovely it all looked !

Then came the special basket commanded in Deuteronomy xxvi. It was placed on a table with wheat stems, ears, barley and flowers entwined round it, and unblemished specimens of all the year's growth of vegetables inside, while on the top of all was placed a large melon.

It did indeed look lovely.

Then there was a smaller table standing in the corner of the Succah, and on it a jar of water with the Lulav† in it. There was also a glass bowl in which the best unblemished Esrog‡ was carefully placed, wrapped up in wadding or wool. By sunset, when all was ready, the boys went with their fathers to the synagogue, while their mothers and sisters stayed at home and lit the candles.

* The crossed triangles, called the "Shield of David."

† The palm-branch, myrtle, and citron, bound together.

‡ The citron.—[EDITOR.]

Succoth in a Jewish Colony in Palestine

So when they were walking home from synagogue all the colony looked like fairyland with the lights peeping out from every Succah.

Abraham, on coming home, found one of the young Arabs with whom they sometimes played games, peeping in, in rapt admiration, at seeing all the coloured lights and fruits, and the *haloth* (loaves of bread) covered with an embroidered cloth, and the goblet ready for the Kiddush. The mother was there, too, saying prayers, and her girls listening to her. No wonder the little Arab stayed, although he knew he would be scolded, but the joy of seeing it all was worth a scolding (for no Arabs were allowed in the colony after sunset, as they generally were such thieves). Great, therefore, was the joy of Abdul when Abraham asked his father to allow the Arab to stay till after the meal, for though he could not go into the Succah, he could sit outside the door, and there he grinned with delight. Every time Abraham handed him something to eat, he would catch hold of the hem of his coat and kiss it, and from that day Abdul became the devoted slave, not only of Abraham, but of the whole family.

After the evening meal, all went for a stroll in the moonlight. The boys, as usual, met on the road that led to the melon field. Then they sat down to talk, and Abraham said: "Boys, I am going at dawn the day after to-morrow with father to Jeru-

Succoth in a Jewish Colony in Palestine salem." (For in Palestine only the first and last days are kept strictly, and on those days no work, except preparing and cooking meals, is allowed.)

The others, hearing this, jumped up, saying that they would ask their fathers to take them too, or, if they were not going, to allow them to go with Abraham's father, for he always went up to Jerusalem three times a year, on Passover, Pentecost, and Succoth.

The parents had a trying time with the boys that night. They were so anxious to go that they went on begging and begging their parents to let them go on this pilgrimage.

As little preparation was needed, most of the parents let their boys go with Abraham's father, while others went with their own fathers.

You can imagine that they slept very little the second night, they were so excited about going on this their first pilgrimage, and all were up at cock-crow. The parents were awakened by hearing the boys singing, "O come, let us go up to Zion, unto the Lord our God" (Jer. xxxi. 6), and all the colony were soon astir. After prayers and breakfast quite a cavalcade formed. Each pilgrim (as they called themselves) carried a stick in his hand made of a young sapling.

First came the men leading horses or mules laden with sacks of corn and baskets of vegetables, and doves and hens and sheep followed. As there was

Succoth in a Jewish Colony in Palestine

no temple to sacrifice in, they distributed all their thank-offerings among the poor. Next came the boys, and they started out singing the "Song of Degrees" or "Ascents," starting with Psalm cxxvi. What a joyful company they were, and what crying and heartburning there was among those who were left behind!

As the pilgrims went on they met friends joining in the cavalcade from other parts of Judea, and the greetings and joy of meeting cannot be described, when lifelong friends and relatives thus met on their way to Jerusalem.

HANNAH TRAGER.

THE CHILD SAMUEL

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred Ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And so obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;

The Child Samuel

By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
J. D. BORTHWICK.

SCHOOL IN OLDEN DAYS

TO-DAY, as you all know, education is not the privilege of any one class of society: every child in the country is obliged to be educated. A hundred years ago in England very few of the working-classes went to school, whilst, if we go back to the time of the Normans, the only people in the country who could read and write were the clergy, and not all of them were very proficient. How different it was with the Jewish people! They from the earliest times had regarded it as the right of every Jewish child to be able to read and write and enjoy the privilege of studying the Torah. A thousand years ago the Jewish communities were the only centres of learning and culture where education was prized and enjoyed by everyone throughout Europe.

In the ancient Jewish ghettos the first visit of a boy to school was made a great event. The master of the school would write on a blackboard the sentence "The Torah be my occupation" in Hebrew, and the verse was read and repeated to the child, and then the board was smeared thick with honey and the child was invited to taste it, so that he should "taste and see that the Law is

School in Olden Days

good," and that learning and studying the Torah is sweet.

On a table near was a huge cake, on which was written in sugared letters the words from Ezekiel: "Son of man, fill thy bowels with this roll that I give thee. Then did I eat it, and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." Near by would be a dish of eggs, on each of which was written an appropriate verse from the Psalms. And now came the second part of the ceremony. The first had symbolized the love of man for the Law and its sweetness, the second was to illustrate the love of all, who seek God's truth, for each other.

And so it was that as each new pupil arrived, the class was given a half-holiday, and the new pupil, surrounded by his future playmates, sat down to a splendid tea at which the cake, the eggs, and other good things were soon despatched. Tea over, the master would gather all the children together, the new boy no longer shy and awkward, and, joined by the child's parents, all went for a walk by a running stream, for water was looked on as a symbol of learning. Did not Proverbs say, "Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad," and would not the new pupil read in the untiring energy of the stream the lesson that his masters fain would have him learn, that the goal of truth could only be reached by industry and untiring effort?

Probably the children thought more of the nice

School in Olden Days

cakes than of the lessons they were meant to illustrate, but as they grew older, and the new pupils became, in their turn, parents, they realized the beauty and tenderness of the old Jewish ceremony which meant so much more now to them than, in the careless days of youth, they had ever guessed.

Yes, the first introduction to the Law had been a tea-party and a half-holiday. Now they understood that the only satisfactory food was truth and the only holiday in life the search for knowledge.

ANON.

A WISE JUDGEMENT

IN a certain town there once lived two shopkeepers whose stores were adjacent. One dealt in all kinds of oils, while the other kept a perfumery store. There was only a thin wooden partition between their places of business. One evening, as the perfumer was about to close his store and leave for home, he looked into the shop of his neighbour, and saw him counting the money he had received during the day. He counted after him and found that he had one hundred and sixty *dinars*, which he wrapped up in a red handkerchief and put into his pocket. Struck at the sight of so much money, the perfumer thereupon thought of a plan whereby he could get his neighbour's gold. He stationed himself near his neighbour's store and cried aloud that someone had stolen his money. Policemen immediately arrived and asked him whom he suspected of the robbery.

"I do not know," he answered; "no one entered my store since I wrapped the money up in my red handkerchief, except my neighbour here."

The policemen arrested the dealer in oils and began to search him. Naturally enough they found the hundred and sixty *dinars* wrapped up in the red

A Wise Judgement

handkerchief. The accused began to remonstrate. "The money is mine," he kept on saying. "I myself wrapped this up in my handkerchief." The officers, however, did not believe him, and took him to jail to await his trial.

The judge before whom his trial was brought could not decide as to who was right and who was wrong. He therefore put the case over to a higher court. The higher court could not decide either, because there were no witnesses to substantiate the claims of either of the two shopkeepers. So the whole matter was finally referred to the supreme court.

Meanwhile everybody in town was discussing this strange case. People were offering all sorts of advice as to how to find out the real culprit. But all the advice was rejected as useless.

One evening the chief justice of the supreme court went out for a walk in the streets of the city. When he came to the Jewish quarter of the town, he noticed a group of Jewish children playing a game. As he passed by he heard one of the youngsters call out to his companions: "Boys, let us make believe that we are going to judge this affair between the dealer in oils and the perfumer." And immediately all the children gathered around and prepared for a mock trial. The chief justice stepped behind a tree to see what they would do. The boy who had first spoken to his companions seated himself

A Wise Judgement

on a stone and appointed two other lads to act the parts of the dealer in oils and the perfumer. Both boys approached and pleaded their cases. The perfumer said that the money was his, while the one who dealt in oils kept on swearing in most solemn fashion that the money belonged to him, and he held up a handful of pebbles wrapped in a red rag. The boy judge thought for a moment, and then said: "Bring a basin of water, and throw the money into it. If the water becomes oily, and tiny drops of oil come up to the surface, we shall judge that the money rightly belongs to the dealer in oils, because his hands are always oily, and his money is probably oily, too. But if the water does not become oily, we may assume that the money belongs to the perfumer."

Upon hearing this wise decision, the judge immediately stepped forth from his hiding-place, walked over to the boy, and asked him for his name and family.

The following day the judge ordered that the two contestants be brought to him. "I am ready," he said, "to offer a simple solution for this controversy." He had a basin of water brought into court and the coins put into it. Surely enough, tiny globes of oil began to rise to the surface of the water. "Now we see," said the judge, "that the dealer in oils is innocent, and that the perfumer is guilty of slandering his neighbour and of attempting

A Wise Judgement

to rob him of his money. I therefore sentence him to imprisonment as a punishment for his crime, and as a warning to all future evil-doers."

The townsfolk marvelled at the wisdom of the judge and praised his wonderful mind. The judge thereupon ordered that the little Jewish boy be brought to him. When the lad was produced, the justice told the townsfolk how he had met the boy on one of his walks, and how he had learned from him the solution for the controversy.

When this Jewish boy grew up, he became a celebrated Rabbi in the city of Mantua in Italy. His name was Rabbi Aryeh Halevi.

SAMUEL LEWENBERG.

SHALOM

I SAW a picture of a street,
A Jewish street in Palestine,
Where Jewish families like to meet
On Yom-tov, when the day is fine.

The little houses were their own,
The sun, I knew, was shining clear
Because I saw their shadows thrown,
And what they said I tried to hear.

My heart with longing almost broke
Because I heard them: they were home,
And Hebrew was the tongue they spoke;
And one I heard—he said “Shalom!”

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

WHAT THE CANDLES SAY

A HANUCAH VISION

THE room is large and well-lit, and in one corner are a few dim candles. How faint, how poor is their light! You can scarcely see them. But these candles—the Hanucah candles—are full of brightness and of splendour for the Hebrew child who understands what they say.

As he gazes on their shy and flickering flames, this child sees an ocean of light and beauty. Looking closely at their bluish-yellow rays, this son of the Hasmoneans* sees visions rise before him. How awful, how terrible to me these visions! Troops and squadrons and battalions and armies; old men and young with faces aflame; now they bend the bow and shoot arrows; again they go tramping, tramping up hill and down dale. Terrible visions! But the child—is it not strange?—is not the least afraid. He knows these heroes; he knows their banner with the strange device. You see the banner, with “Who is like unto Thee?” written on it.

And as this child of a great people watches the flame of the candles long and earnestly, behold an aged man, the leader of the host, who embraces him and fondles him and pinches his cheek. The

* Family name of the Maccabees.—[EDITOR.]

What the Candles Say

child listens with breathless attention to his words: "Hearken, my dear. Do you know that we are fighting God's battle against these wicked men who have defiled and desecrated our holy Temple, who have harried our land and tortured our children? Do you hear them? There they come with Antiochus at their head (a curse on him and his blasphemous followers!). Quick, quick, my little hero; here's a sword for you, and a bow and arrows. Come with us quickly; every moment counts and every man!"

Fired with holy ardour and zeal for his people, the child-soldier springs up and gets him ready. He joins the ranks of the heroes and marches on, on to the field of battle, fist clenched, all fierceness, there to fight with them against the cruel foe. "Death, death to all our oppressors," they cry: "a sword, a sword for God and the land of our birth!"

Days and weeks passed by, and months: Nisan, Sivan, Tishri, Heshvan, and then——? Not too quick, my friends. A blessing on the month that comes next! Hurrah, hurrah for Kislev, our own Kislev, dearest of months, the fountain of joy and the bringer of light! A real "Rabbi Meïr"! *

Aye, but the fighting is hard and many of our brothers have sanctified the Name and have not been spared, alas! to return home. But who shall compare the number of our people with the multitude of our enemies whom our hero of heroes has

* *Meïr* is the Hebrew word for one who brings light.—[EDITOR.]

What the Candles Say

felled in his wrath, a thousand at his side and ten thousand on his right hand? Our foes are ended, they are vanished and forgotten; some slain by sword or stoning, some hiding, terror-stricken, in caves. Then the chosen of our people restores his sword to the scabbard and amid his conquering army, with victory's wreath on his brow, marches proudly towards our holy city. All eyes and all hearts are turned towards the House which is our life. Carmel they see, and Sharon and Moriah in full view—all that is dearest to them is before their eyes.

But suddenly . . . what cruel blow is this? Voices are hushed, faces fall, eyes are all tears. What can this mean? Alas, my friends, my best beloved, it is small wonder. The Perpetual Lamp is not burning; the eye of the world is dimmed; the Holy of Holies is dark. Aye, and God's altar is shattered and overthrown, and in its place—oh, heavens!—a foul idol, a swine's head. O loathsome abomination! Mercy, God of Abraham!

One moment, and on those steps which the Levites used to mount with lyre and psaltry, in full song, sobs and sighs are heard, and bitter cries of woe, weeping and lamenting. Their Holy of Holies is dark!

But another moment and a majestic voice rings out, the voice of Judas the Prince. "Nay, my brothers, my heroes, sin not against the Lord. Dry your tears, put away your grief. Joy must

What the Candles Say

not be over-clouded. Come, let us cleanse the House of our God; let us leave no trace of defilement, no atom of uncleanness; let us sanctify His Name thus publicly. To the cleansing, Maccabees !”

So spake he, and instantly, as one man, they turned to the work, sweeping and scrubbing and rubbing and polishing. And now all is clean and bright as heaven itself. “Clean,” cries the conqueror, and a heavenly voice echoes the word.

One moment more, and our hero takes up the one remaining flask of oil, saved by a miracle of miracles from defilement. A cry of joy goes up as they read on it the name and seal of the high priest. The oil is pure !

Then Judas, the chief of the heroes, leader in his father’s place, stands up and kindles the lights, and thanks God for His miracles and His salvation. Old and young, great and small, they kindle lights, even the whole people; and from the Temple and from the Holy of Holies voices proclaim: “To the Jews there was light;” and the people answer with one voice: “Light—light and gladness !”

So for eight days and eight nights Jerusalem is a city of gladness and rejoicing. Youths and maidens, old men and children, dance and make merry. Eight full days and nights—this is indeed a festival, the father of all feasts and the first of all Hanucahs !

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What the Candles Say

Feasts pass away, and years roll on; years and centuries pass like a dream; a thousand years, and yet another thousand—they are gone, and lost like yesterday. And now how different it is! Alas, my friends, my best beloved, how cruel is the contrast!

Our land is in strange hands; our holy mountain and our Temple are waste and desolate. Where now is Lebanon? Where Sharon? Where our Priests and Levites? All, all have passed away like a watch in the night; they are no more; not a single Levite is left to sing the Song of Degrees. They are all sundered and scattered adrift among the nations; turn where you will, there you will find an exiled Hasmonean. From what heights are we fallen, and to what depths!

On a strange soil, where all too often the serpent and the scorpion bite, the young Maccabee stands and lights his candles.

Many and bitter-sweet are the memories that they awake in him. "Once upon a time"—that is all our story, all in the past; but what have we now? Wind and storm blow from all sides; our one pale candle is flickering, flickering; another moment, and the last spark—heaven forbid!—may die; and the Son of David, the Messiah—how He tarries, how He delays!

The lights tremble and flicker with each tear that falls from the eyes of him who kindles them; trembling and flickering, trembling and flickering.

What the Candles Say

But suddenly—he knows not how or whence—out of their wan flame and their yellow rays, visions begin once more to rise. A little movement—and behold a picture, and then a second. What are they, these pictures? Passing strange! Do you not see the heroes of old, the father and the son?

They turn to the child, and fondle him, and pinch his cheek. “Peace be unto you, little Maccabee, and peace to your candles! Do you know who has brought us back? It is your tears, child Gideon, that have broken our rest. We can stand against ten thousand foes, we can fight the most savage enemies; but we are as nothing before one tear of a Hebrew child that is shed for the exile of the *Shekbina*.* Your tears have pierced to our very souls. Cease weeping, dry your tears, or we melt away before your eyes. This is no time for grief: to-day is Hanucah! Do you light candles, dear child? It is well. So did your ancestors, and their ancestors too; and from you, right back to the first generation it is but one candle. The whole earth will be broken into fragments, all the mountains will be moved, but our light will not go out. Think of this long line of lights from our time to yours, lights beyond all counting and all reckoning; and sigh no more, grieve no more. For know and remember that every Jew who lights candles on the Feast of Lights is scattering, as of

* The Divine Presence.—[EDITOR.]

What the Candles Say

old, a thousand foes; know and remember that all the lights are alike, for all have been kindled at that very first light of ours. And as you light your candles, know and remember that this is the beginning of wisdom: to love our people, to learn our language and speak it, and—chief of all—to study our Law and study it again. Do but these things, and you can never do wrong. For how can it be that a Hebrew child should stray from the right path! What did we fight for?

“So put away your grief. If only you will do what we say, you and your playmates, then there will come a day—ah! what a day that will be—when this dim light of ours will grow to a mighty blaze, which will illumine our dark journey; when a voice will be heard in the wilderness . . . and the rough places will be made smooth; and then we too, by divine help, will rise again, and all of us, yes, every single one, will meet in Zion (even our uncle Ishmael too; for surely he will have had time enough to grow wise, and will no longer be ‘a wild man’). . . . Yes, all of us will come to life again; and then of course we shall begin to *light* once more—but this time *the whole world will light*. Ah—great beyond measure is that hidden light, the light of the future. No words can describe its glory even faintly; no mind can conceive it. . . .

“But meanwhile—know and remember!

“And now—your hand, little Maccabee!

What the Candles Say

Good-bye, and fare you well, you and your playmates."

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The room is large and well-lit, and in one corner are a few small, dim candles. How full of brightness and of splendour are these small lights to the Hebrew child who understands what they say!

A. S. DONIACH.

Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon.*

* The Hebrew may be obtained from the author.

THE ALPHABET

WHEN God was about to create the world by His word, the twenty-two letters of the alphabet descended from the terrible and august crown of God, whereon they were engraved with a pen of flaming fire. They stood round about God, and one after the other spake and entreated, "Create the world through me!" The first to step forward was the letter **א**. It said: "O Lord of the world, may it be Thy will to create Thy world through me, seeing that it is through me that Thou wilt give the Torah to Israel by the hand of Moses, as it is witten 'Moses commanded us the **אֱתָנָה**.'" The Holy One, blessed be He, made reply, and said, "No!" **א** asked, "Why not?" and God answered: "Because in days to come I shall place thee as a sign of death upon the foreheads of men." As soon as **א** heard these words issue from the mouth of the Holy One, blessed be He, it retired from His presence disappointed.

The **ש** then stepped forward, and pleaded: "O Lord of the world, create Thy world through me, seeing that Thine own name Shaddai, begins with me." Unfortunately it is also the first letter of Shaw, lie, and of Sheker, falsehood, and

The Alphabet

that incapacitated it. ך had no better luck. It was pointed out that it was the initial letter of Ra', evil, and Rasha', wicked, and after that the distinction it enjoys of being the first letter in the Name of God, Rahum, the Merciful, counted for nought. The ם was rejected, because Kelalah, curse, outweighs the advantage of being the first in Kadosh, the Holy One. In vain did ץ call attention to Zaddik, the Righteous One: there was Zarot, the misfortunes of Israel, to testify against it. ך had Podeh, redeemer, to its credit, but Pesha', transgression, reflected dishonour upon it. ן was declared unfit, because, though it begins 'Anawah, humility, it performs the same service for 'Erwah, immorality. ך said: "O Lord, may it be Thy will to begin the creation with me, for Thou art called Samek, after me, the Upholder of all that fall." But God said: "Thou art needed in the place in which thou art; thou must continue to uphold all that fall." ך introduces Ner, "the lamp of the Lord," which is "the spirit of men," but it also introduces Ner, "the lamp of the wicked," which will be put out by God. ך starts Melek, king, one of the titles of God; as it is the first letter of Mehumah, confusion, as well, it had no chance of accomplishing its desire. The claim of ך bore its refutation within itself. It advanced the argument that it was the first letter of Luhot, the celestial tables for the Ten Commandments;

The Alphabet

it forgot that the tables were shivered in pieces by Moses. א was sure of victory. Kisseh, the throne of God, Kabod, His honour, and Keter, His crown, all begin with it. God had to remind it that He would smite together His hands, Kaf, in despair over the misfortunes of Israel. א at first sight seemed the appropriate letter for the beginning of creation, on account of its association with Yah, God, if only Yezer ha-Ra', the evil inclination, had not happened to begin with it too. ט is identified with Tob, the good. However, the truly good is not in this world; it belongs to the world to come. ה is the first letter of Hanun, the Gracious One, but this advantage is offset by its place in the word for sin, Hett. ז in Zakor, suggests remembrance, but it is itself the word for weapon, the doer of mischief. י and ה compose the Ineffable Name of God; they are therefore too exalted to be pressed into the service of the mundane world. If ו had stood only for Dabar, the Divine Word, it would have been used, but it stands also for Din, justice, and under the rule of law without love the world would have fallen to ruin. Finally, in spite of reminding one of Gadol, great, ג would not do, because Gemul, retribution, starts with it.

After the claims of all these letters had been disposed of, א stepped before the Holy One, blessed be He, and pleaded before Him: "O Lord of the world! May it be Thy will to create Thy

The Alphabet

world through me, seeing that all the dwellers in the world give praise daily unto Thee through me, as it is said: 'Blessed be the Lord forever. Amen and Amen.' " The Holy One, blessed be He, at once granted the petition of א. He said: "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord." And He created His world through א, as it is said: "*Bereshit*,* God, created the heaven and the earth."

The only letter that had refrained from urging its claims was the modest ס, and God rewarded it later for its humility by giving it the first place in the Decalogue.

*Translated from the Hebrew by Louis Ginzberg,
and rendered into English from the German
manuscript by Henrietta Szold.*

* In the beginning.

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air ?
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow

Sandalphon

Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show—
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them, majestic, is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

Sandalphon

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE

THE Hebrew language, mysteriously preserved like Israel, the people after whom it is called, through the tempests of many centuries, politically annihilated, but spiritually full of vigour, has never ceased to be a vehicle for the expression of sublime thoughts and sentiments. Not only in the brilliant epoch of Hebrew literature in Spain, from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, but since then, Hebrew has been written in prose and in poetry with power and effect unattainable in any of the languages that have ceased to live.

It is entirely wrong to consider Hebrew a dead language. Hebrew has never been dead. At no time in its long history has it ceased to be employed by the Jewish people as a medium for the expression, whether in speech or writing, of the living thoughts and the living feelings of the Jew. Its use as a national medium of everyday speech came, indeed, to an end with the destruction of the political organisation of the Jewish people. But that catastrophe did not destroy the life of the language any more than it destroyed the life of the nation. The marvellous revival of the Hebrew language in our times in Palestine, which

The Hebrew Language

is one of the greatest achievements of the Zionist movement, shows that the language was only neglected, and that it was essentially a living language.

The Hebrew language, with its naturalness and noble simplicity, has exerted an influence no less powerful than that of Biblical ideas on the English mind. Knowing little of artificial forms, it has a natural sublimity of its own, and a great logical clearness in discriminating between nice shades of meaning. It appeals strongly to the English mind, because it is the holy language, bringing the Divine Word and coming from the sanctuary of that ancient covenant, whose faithful guardians are the people of Israel. The Semitic word has within historic times exercised on the civilisation of the whole human race an influence to which no parallel can be found, and which, if the future may be measured by the past, is destined triumphantly to extend, for the incalculable benefit of mankind, to the uttermost bounds of the earth. The poetry of the Bible has no rival.

* * * *

The best of English literature has been inspired by the Hebrew language of the Bible. Throughout the entire works of Francis Bacon (1561-1626) Scriptural influence is sufficiently apparent; but in his *Essays*, the favourite work of his age and experience, and which, therefore, may be con-

The Hebrew Language

sidered the very cream and essence of his genius, this characteristic element obtains a prominence that cannot fail to strike every reader. So natural was it—to borrow a figure of speech from Bacon himself—for his great mind to “turn upon the poles of truth,” and to revert to its great fountain-head, in support and confirmation of his own profound conclusions.

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The influence of this Hebrew spirit is clearly visible in John Milton's poetry (1608-1674). “Paradise Lost,” the most glorious cosmological epic of the world's literature, could have been written only by a man who knew the Bible by heart, and whose verse, when he so chose, could consist simply and solely of combinations of texts from the Bible or images influenced by Biblical ideas. The way in which he tells his stories, the elevation of his style, the music of his verse, changing from the roar of the hurricane and the tramp of bannered hosts to the hum of bees and the song of the birds, the numerous gem-like phrases and passages which are sure to be quoted for all time—all these wonderful qualities are Biblical.

Milton knew Hebrew, and his verse is throughout inspired by the genius of that language. And the spirit which found voice in Milton caused England to take the lead in bringing about religious liberty. This recognition of righteousness and

The Hebrew Language

fair play among the nations of the world benefited not only the Jewish nation: some months before Manasseh ben Israel visited England, the Commonwealth had made a most vigorous protest against the outrage on humanity perpetrated by the persecutors of Protestants in Piedmont.

This influence of the Hebrew language can be traced not only in the masterpieces of great poets; it was also of a general and popular character. The study of the Hebrew language among Christians, which had only casually and at intervals occupied the attention of ecclesiastics during the Middle Ages, received an immense impulse from the revived interest in the Bible caused by the Reformation.

Scientific progress in Hebrew was perhaps more considerable in other countries where the Reformation was gaining ground, but while in other countries this influence was felt chiefly among scholars, in England the influence has been popular and has been felt in the daily life of the nation. The process of enrichment and ennoblement of the English language has been going on for centuries among all classes of the population, and one of the chief agencies by which it has been effected is certainly the influence, direct and indirect, of the Hebrew Bible.

To penetrate into the history, prophecy, and poetry of the Hebrew Bible, to revere them as the

The Hebrew Language

effusion of Divine inspiration, to live in them with all the emotions of the heart, and yet not to consider Israel, who had originated all this glory and greatness, as the "Chosen People," was impossible.

Hence, among the Puritans there were many earnest admirers of "God's Ancient People," and Cromwell himself joined in this admiration. It was by this Biblical Hebrew movement that public opinion in England had been prepared for a sympathetic treatment of the idea of a readmission of the Jews into England.

NAHUM SOKOLOW.

HEBREW IN PALESTINE

I HAVE learnt in Hebrew school
Words and letters, rule by rule—
Slowly, slowly I can speak;
I have read the Holy Book
From Abraham to Habakkuk,
Day by day and week by week.

Am I proud of all I've done?
But in Palestine they run
Through the fields and call each other
All in Hebrew, speaking fast,
Telling tales of Israel's past
Near the tomb of our first mother.

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

THE INNOCENT

IF ever you hear the old Hassidim talking about the Innocent, don't ask "Who was he?" because they might be annoyed. The old Hassidim are sparing of their words, and when they feel most they say least, so there is very little to be got from them in conversation.

The Innocent was Rabbi Izok.

And the Innocent (so they tell) never felt convinced in himself that he was a saint. Many of those who believed in him told him that he was a great Tzaddik,* and he listened and was immensely surprised, but he hadn't the audacity *not* to believe the congregation of Israel: "Shall the children of Jacob be suspected of falsehood? Evidently I have something of the merits of the fathers."

This was how he made it out and settled it in his own mind.

The Innocent was most particular with regard to truth, and when they used to bring him written petitions, that he should submit the contents,

* Title of wonder-working Rabbis at the head of Jewish groups in Russia, called Hassidim.—[EDITOR.]

The Innocent

with a recommendation, to His Blessed Name, he took them against his will and only because he was afraid of shaking the people's faith by refusing. "Besides," (he would say to himself) "I need the money, and if I don't accept it they will think I have an objection to it and people will be misled through me."

Once (so they tell) his wife, the Rabbanith, complained in his hearing that she was short of necessities for the house, and the beadle likewise complained of the hard times. . . . The Innocent was anxious to satisfy the wishes of both the Rabbanith and the beadle, and that His Blessed Name should give them what they lacked in abundance. . . . But the beadle gave him to understand that no captive can deliver himself and that no Tzaddik can hope to obtain favours for himself and his own household.

"If so, then I must drive to some other Tzaddik that he may bless me," answered the Innocent in his simplicity.

Now the Rabbanith and the beadle both thought that the Innocent should drive to those towns where the larger number of the inhabitants were his followers and well-to-do, and whose "petitions" would also bring in a little towards food and clothing.

"As you think best," agreed the Innocent; "a little money will be very welcome in itself, and

The Innocent

I shall see the faces of some of His Jews, blessed be He, and that will be very pleasant and befitting."

So the beadle hired a conveyance and they drove towards one of the towns which lay furthest. Herein the beadle and the Innocent were in accord, each for its own special reasons. The Innocent decided on this wise: "I see the Hassidim from the nearer villages very often, whereas I seldom see those who live further off. So it is only right I should drive to them."

The beadle on his side thought thus: "The name of the Tzaddikim is like that of all good things at a distance . . . his name will be greater some way off than in the towns near at hand." He was also afraid lest the Innocent should collect enough in the first place they arrived at to last a week and should straightway turn and go home.

So the Innocent and the beadle and the driver drove on and on till they approached the object of their desire. When they were not more than a mile from the town the beadle advised stopping for a little rest, and sent on the driver secretly to inform the town that Reb Izok, the Innocent, was on his way to them and waiting outside the town for them to come out to meet him.

The driver carried out his commission and hurried back to his cart and horses.

The Innocent began to urge him to drive on, for he was afraid of being late for afternoon prayer

The Innocent

with the congregation. The beadle purposely dawdled and delayed them, but lifting his eyes to the hill he saw a number of carts descending the slope, and understood that the townsfolk were already coming to meet them, and he took his seat in the cart and they started to drive on.

The Innocent also lifted his eyes and saw the crowd of carts.

"Whither are those people bound?" asked the Innocent of a passer-by.

"To welcome the Tzaddik," he said.

"To welcome the Tzaddik? Is there a Tzaddik here and I never knew? Turn round" (he commanded the driver); "*we* shall drive to meet the Tzaddik too, and perhaps we shall be fortunate enough to be among the first." The driver scratched the back of his neck and looked at the beadle. . . .

Meanwhile the carts drew near and some of those inside jumped down and began to approach the Tzaddik.

"Look, what pious Jews!" (thought the Innocent). "See how they fire themselves with walking . . . great will be their reward. . . . I also will get down and go on foot!"

And he foots it among the others.

And the Hassidim run, and he runs with those that run. And the Hassidim pursue him.

"Whither runs the Rebbe? Whither runs the Rebbe?"

The Innocent

"Whither? To welcome the Tzaddik."

"What Tzaddik?"

"It is for you to tell me. . . ."

This is the sort of thing the old Hassidim tell about the Innocent.

JUDAH STEINBERG.

Translated from the Hebrew by Helena Frank.

RAIN SONG

I.

REMEMBER one who followed Thee as to
the sea

Flows water:

Thy blessed son, like tree well set where rivers met
Of water.

Where'er he moved, Thou wast his shield, in fire
or field

Or water,

And heaven-proved, his seed he sowed, wherever
flowed

A water.

For Abram's sake, send water !

II.

Remember one whose heralds three beneath the tree
Had water,

Whose sire was won to do Thy will, his blood to spill
Like water;

Himself as high in faith could soar, his heart to pour
Like water.

Where earth lay dry, he dug and found deep under-
ground

The water.

For Isaac's sake, send water !

Rain Song

III.

Remember one, his Staff who bore from Jordan's
shore

O'er water,

And rolled the stone—his love to tell—from off the
well

Of water,

And wrestling hard, achieved to tire a prince of fire
And water.

Hence Thy regard him safe to bear through fire and
air

And water.

For Jacob's sake, send water !

IV.

Remember one whose ark 'mid sedge was drawn
from edge

Of water,

Thy shepherd son who could not sleep before his
sheep

Had water.

And when Thy flock did likewise burn with thirst
and yearn

For water,

He struck the rock, there gushed a rill, to give
their fill

Of water.

For Moses' sake, send water !

Rain Song

V.

Remember one, Thy Temple-priest, who hallowed
feast

With water.

Atonement's sun declined to night with fivefold rite
Of water.

The Law was read, and then afresh he laved his
flesh

With water.

Remote in dread, he served his folk that swiftly
broke

Like water.

For Aaron's sake, send water !

VI.

Remember last the tribes who fled across the bed
Of water,

Thy chosen caste for whom turned sweet the bitter
sheet

Of water.

For Thee their race have ever shed their hearts' best
red

Like water.

Without Thy face their spirits whirl as in a swirl
Of water !

For Israel's sake, send water !

Translated from the Hebrew by Israel Zangwill.

CHARITY

A LEARNED man wandered one day amidst the ruins of Jerusalem, and a friend quietly followed him. On arriving at the place where the Temple once rose in its majestic splendour, he commenced shedding tears and calling aloud: "Woe to us! The Temple where our sins were expiated is destroyed! Woe to us! How shall we atone for our sins?" The friend who had followed him said: "Do not trouble about it, O master! There is yet one not less powerful medium left for expiation; there is still charity remaining to us."

TALMUD.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lays wither'd and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still.

The Destruction of Sennacherib

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal:
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

MAIMONIDES

AT Cordova, in Spain, on March 30, 1135, there was born, in the family of a certain Rabbi Maimon, a little boy, who was named Moses. The mother died soon after the baby came, and so, in very early days, the little Moses did not get quite his fair share of petting. And soon his father married again, and besides some older brothers and sisters, there were presently several younger ones, to claim the new mother's care, and between them all Moses seems to have been, at first, just a little neglected and misunderstood. It is possible that his own mother, if she had lived, would have found him somewhat slow and sensitive, for other folks, more hastily judging, pronounced him to be a rather sulky and stupid little boy. Among the family circle, in his childhood, Moses ben Maimon held somewhat the position of Hans Andersen's Ugly Duckling, and like this famous little farmyard hero, he was fated, as he grew up, to astonish them all. His capabilities were soon recognised by his teachers in the schools, where, as we have seen, the Law and the Talmud were the textbooks. The study of these included a wide range of subjects, but the education

Maimonides

of Moses ben Maimon was not gained only from books. He had in his youth the advantages which extended travel confers, and not travelling of the sort which has idleness for its motive and pleasure for its aim, but journeying undertaken for a cause, and with an object, which must have greatly aroused the enthusiasm of an intelligent and high-minded boy. Cordova, his native place, had been, for the four centuries during which the Ommeyade kaliphs ruled in Spain, the centre of civilisation in Europe. In 1148, when Moses ben Maimon was a boy of thirteen, Cordova was taken by the Almohades, and under their fierce and bigoted government an era of persecution set in for Spanish Jews and Christians. The Almohades gave only the choice of "death or exile" to such of their subjects as would not be converted to the faith of Islam. Some, hard pressed, took upon themselves the disguise of an alien religion, and, loyal in secret, and so far as circumstances permitted, to their own faith, remained as professed Mahomedans in their old homes. Others were brave enough to follow truth at all costs, and amongst those who emigrated with this object were Rabbi Maimon and his family.

Moses ben Maimon was old enough and cultivated enough to take in new impressions, and to benefit by new experiences. For years the family moved about from place to place, since safe "cities of

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refuge" for Jews at that date were but few and far between. They finally settled down at Fostat, in Egypt, where an elder brother, David, seems to have been the chief breadwinner in the family. David ben Maimon was a dealer in precious stones, and Moses is said by some historians to have helped his brother for a while in the cutting and polishing of these gems. Although other historians vehemently deny that Moses had ever anything to do with trade, yet, knowing the respect in which manual labour is always held by Jews, and how often literary men of the race have been handicraftsmen, there seems, on the face of it, no improbability in the story, and rather a reason for giving credence to it, since all agree that at one period in their lives David ben Maimon took upon himself the care and support of his young brother. But whether Moses ever helped in the workshop or not, it is quite certain that he was no idler. He read and wrote most industriously, and before he was twenty-three he had published a treatise on the Jewish calendar, which shows some considerable knowledge of mathematics, and for years he worked away steadily at the production of a learned commentary on the Mishnah. When the time came for choosing a profession—for again, of course, the law could not be "used as a spade"—Maimonides decided to become a physician. That even did not promise to be a very profitable pursuit, for his services

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were always at the disposal of the class who could not pay fees, but he took the keenest interest in all his patients, and it was not very long before his skill attracted the notice of influential outsiders.

In the middle of the twelfth century, Saladin, titular sovereign of Syria, was virtual Sultan of Egypt, and was proving himself, in every action, a hero fit for reality as well as for romance. Saladin had many kingly qualities, and not least among them was his aptitude for finding out good men, and honouring them when found. Saladin seems to have heard of Maimonides through his vizier, Alfadhel, who, first knowing the Jewish doctor professionally, had come, as he knew him more intimately, to regard him with great admiration as a friend. The introduction to the Sultan proved very fortunate, in a worldly sense, for Maimonides. He was put on the roll of physicians, which gave him a recognised position in the profession, and, in return for certain fixed hours of attendance at court, a pension was allotted to him. The appointment was made about 1186, when Maimonides was more than fifty years of age, and the most valuable thing about it was the freedom it gave him from money anxieties, which especial worry is quite fatal to the production of good original work.

But the court appointment gave him no freedom from work, nor any licence to be idle. And still

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less did Maimonides let his successes in the outer world make him indifferent to the wants and welfare of his own community. It is possible that the physician of Saladin, whose services, report said, had even been solicited by Richard of England, became, by degrees, a little more in request among his own congregation than had he remained only the congregational doctor. But as he grew famous, Maimonides was far too generous to recall whether his fame had come first from without or first from within, and his talents and his services were always at the disposal of all who needed him, poor or rich, Jew or Mahomedan, without much thought of self in the matter. Maimonides was a famous correspondent, and an extract from one of his letters to a friend at this stage in his life will give some idea of what work meant to a popular physician in the Middle Ages.

“ With respect to your wish to come here to me, I cannot but say how greatly your visit would delight me, for I truly long to communicate with you, and would anticipate our meeting with even greater joy than you. Yet I must advise you not to expose yourself to the perils of the voyage, for beyond seeing me, and my doing all I could to honour you, you would not derive any advantage from your visit. Do not expect to be able to confer with me on any scientific subject for even one hour, either by day or night, for the following

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is my daily occupation:—I dwell in Mizr [Fostat] and the Sultan resides at Kahira [Cairo]; these two places are two Sabbath days' journeys [about one mile and a half] distant from each other. My duties to the Sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit him every day, early in the morning; and when he, or any of his children, or any of the inmates of his harem, are indisposed, I dare not quit Kahira, but must stay during the greater part of the day in the palace. It also frequently happens that one or two of the officers fall sick and I must attend to their healing. Hence, as a rule, I repair to Kahira very early in the day, and even if nothing unusual happens, I do not return to Mizr until the afternoon. Then I am almost dying with hunger; I find the antechambers filled with people, both Jews and Gentiles, nobles and common people, judges and bailiffs, friends and foes—a mixed multitude, who await the time of my return. I dismount from my animal, wash my hands, go forth to my patients, and entreat them to bear with me while I partake of some slight refreshment, the only meal I take in the twenty-four hours. Then I go forth to attend to my patients, write prescriptions and directions for their several ailments. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes even, I solemnly assure you, until two hours and more in the night. I converse with them, and prescribe for them while lying down from sheer fatigue, and

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when night falls, I am so exhausted that I can scarcely speak. In consequence of this, no Israelite can have any private interview with me, except on the Sabbath. On that day the whole congregation, or, at least, the majority of the members, come unto me after the morning service, when I instruct them as to their proceedings during the whole week; we study together a little until noon, when they depart. Some of them return and read with me after the afternoon service until evening prayers. In this manner I spend that day. I have here related to you only a part of what you would see if you were to visit me.”*

Busy as he was, yet, like most very busy people, Maimonides always found plenty of time for everything, and he continued to write and to study and to prescribe, in a way that seemed wonderful to those who were not in the secret of how good work gets done. To say he was “a genius” does not quite explain it. Maimonides’ genius was of the steady sort, that has industry for its roots, and grudges neither years of labour nor daily efforts of self-denial. The precious leisure of ten whole

* This extract is from a letter, dated 1199, to Rabbi Samuel Ibn Tibbon, a friend who, later on, translated, under Maimonides’ direction, his famous work, *The Guide to the Perplexed*, from Arabic into Hebrew. The English translation of this letter to Ibn Tibbon, which was originally written in Arabic, thence translated into Hebrew, is by Dr. H. Adler, *Miscellany of Hebrew Literature* (first series).

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years was spent by Maimonides in the production of a single book, and this "leisure" of early manhood must have included very many monotonous hours, which might have been given to personal pleasure or to active enjoyment. And even odd minutes were utilised by Maimonides. In the intervals of his great works he would write a treatise on medicine or mathematics, or throw off a poem, or indulge in an epigram.

The title of the ten-years book is **הַיָּד הַחֲזָקָה**, "The Strong Hand." It consists of an introduction and fourteen sections or books. In the introduction he describes the chain of tradition from the time of Moses till his own days, and the rest is a religious code, containing the Jewish laws—written and oral—systematically arranged and presented to the reader without discussion or argument. This work was published in 1180, when Maimonides was forty-five years old, and it was well received by most of the people who were wise enough to understand it. In 1191 a very important book was brought out by Maimonides, which, under the name of **מֹרֶה נְבוֹכִים**, "A Guide to the Perplexed," attracted an immense amount of attention, but not altogether of a favourable sort, to the author. The book deals with the perplexities of religious belief, and tries to solve some of the many puzzles in life and in religion to which God Himself gives and withholds the key, when He says to the children

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of men: "My ways are not your ways, neither are your thoughts My thoughts." Maimonides, in a reverent but still in a philosophising spirit, tried to reconcile these "thoughts and ways," and to lift the lower to a comprehension of the higher. His efforts were not always, nor altogether, understood. In the then debased state of the Jews the pressing need of a God who should be "near" to them had led, in many instances, to an ideal of divinity something a little different from, something a little lower than, what "the Lord, the Spirit of all flesh," should mean. There was a tendency, here and there, to materialise God, to localise His favours, and to dogmatise concerning His doings. Against all this Maimonides patiently and persistently strove. To take as an instance a very famous chapter in this book, which has excited much controversy. The theme is the Jewish code concerning sacrifice. Maimonides argues that the blood of "cattle on a thousand hills" could never have been, at any time, a desirable or even an acceptable offering to a loving and merciful God. He "guides the perplexed" to the conclusion that the sacrificial system of the Jews was designed as an education, with the object of weaning a people living in the midst of idolatrous nations from worse, and of leading them to better, things. He considered the laws of sacrifice as designed against idolatry. But, in his view, the value of sacrifice, like the value

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of prayer, lay in the fact that it was a means to an end, and not an end in itself.

He held that "sacrifice" was designed to teach self-denial and practical repentance, and that the especial form, through which, in the world's early history, such lessons were taught, was suited to the conditions under which it was given. Such reasoning sounded to many, not the loving argument it really was in favour of a spiritual idea of God, but a reasoning away of old, received and literal renderings of time-honoured texts.

And even this much-resented chapter on sacrifice did not produce so much discussion and bitter feeling as did some chapters on prophecy, in which Maimonides appeared to represent the power of prophecy as, in degree, a *natural* development of man's intellect. The conflict between faith and philosophy was waxing strong among Christians. There was a growing tendency to call names on both sides, to denounce science as paganism, and to sneer at religion as superstition. The sounds of this conflict between philosophers and theologians, in the larger world around them, found echoes among the Jews. We must remember that, except in Spain, the poor Jews of Europe, for centuries, had had no healthy interest whatever outside of their religion. Their Law was their "light," and their Talmud was the only window through which that light was let in upon their lives. Often-

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times they "darkened with counsel" the rays of Law and Talmud both. The endeavour of Moses Maimonides was to clear away the gathering mists, and to broaden the window-panes, that the knowledge of the Lord might shine out on all the multitude.

* * * * *

In the writings of Maimonides we discover the talent of the man, but it is in his attitude under the response which these writings met with that we find out his character. He never grew angry at the mistaken zeal of his co-religionists. He understood the circumstances, and could make allowance for injustice, and pass over personal annoyance. And yet he was by no means a patient man. He did not like stupid nor ignorant criticism concerning essential principles of Judaism, and he could express himself in no very gentle language when he or his writings met with opposition of that sort. Still he showed every respect to his opponents. He saw that there was a good as well as a bad side to the clamour and the seeming narrow-mindedness, and to enthusiastic, earnest natures like Maimonides', intolerance is easier to bear than indifference. At this crisis in his life, Maimonides showed that he had "staying" power. He could wait as well as he could work. He let his faith

"Rest large in time, and
That which shapes it to some perfect end."

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And his trust was justified. Called "heretic" by some faithful, fearful co-religionists whilst he lived, posterity has deliberately and unanimously reversed their sentence. Among the great men of Israel, Maimonides has long been accorded a place in the foremost rank. "From Moses unto Moses," says one Jewish proverb, "there has been none like unto Moses."* His books, once condemned, forbidden and burnt in the open marketplace, are now among the works which no orthodox Jewish theologian's library may be without. Some of his doctrines, certainly, still leave room for amicable discussion, but the important hymns of אֲדֹנָי עֹלָם and יְהוָה which are founded on his teachings have an honoured home in the Jewish prayer-book.

In 1204, when not quite seventy years old, Maimonides died, rich in "honour, fame, and troops of friends." He was happy in his domestic relations, and his honest, earnest belief that the good of all creeds and of all nations have a share in the life to come, made him in full sympathy with "all sorts and conditions of men" in this life. An upright and consistent Jew, he lived on the pleasantest terms with the large Mahomedan circle of which he was a prominent and distinct figure. He was courteous without undue concession, helpful without unnecessary interference, and thus self-respect-

* Which means, from Moses our Master till Moses Maimonides, none rose like Moses.

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ing, was universally respected. Maimonides had to bear the sorrow of the death of several children, but a good and clever son survived, to follow the great Jewish philosopher to his honoured grave in Tiberias.

KATIE MAGNUS.

“ BUT WHO SHALL SEE ”

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now;
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye?

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come!
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FAST

A WINTER'S night ; Sarah sits by the oil-lamp, darning an old sock. She works slowly, for her fingers are half frozen; her lips are blue and brown with cold; every now and then she lays down her work and runs up and down the room to warm her icy feet.

In a bed, on a bare straw mattress, sleep four children—two little heads at each end—covered up with some old clothes.

Now one child and now another gives a start, a head is raised, and there is a plaintive chirp: “Hungry !”

“Patience, dears, patience !” says Sarah soothingly. “Father will be here presently, and bring you some supper. I will be sure to wake you.”

“And something hot ?” ask the children, whimpering. “We have had nothing hot to-day yet !”

“And something hot, too !”

But she does not believe what she is saying.

She glances round the room; perhaps, after all, there is something left she can pawn. Nothing ! Four bare damp walls—split stove—everything clammy and cold—two or three broken dishes on the chimney-piece—on the stove, an old battered

The Fast

Hanucah lamp—overhead, in the beam, a nail—sole relic of a lamp that hung from the ceiling; two empty beds without pillows—and nothing, nothing else!

The children are some time getting to sleep.

Sarah's heart aches as she looks at them.

Suddenly she turns her eyes, red with crying, to the door—she has heard footsteps, heavy footsteps, on the stairs leading down into the basement—a clatter of cans against the wall, now to the right, now to the left.

A gleam of hope illumines her sunken features.

She rubs one foot against the other, two or three times, rises stiffly, and goes to the door.

She opens it, and in comes a pale, stoop-shouldered Jew, with two empty cans.

"Well?" she whispers.

He puts away the cans, takes off his yoke, and answers, lower still.

"Nothing—nothing at all; nobody paid me. 'To-morrow,' they said. Everyone always says to-morrow—the day after to-morrow—on the first day of the month!"

"The children have hardly had a bite all day," articulates Sarah. "Anyway they are asleep—that is something. O, my poor children!"

She can control herself no longer, and begins to cry quietly.

"What are you crying for?" asks the man.

The Fast

“O, Mendele, the children are so hungry.” She is making desperate efforts to gulp down her tears.

“And what is to become of us?” she moans. “Things only get worse and worse!”

“Worse? No, Sarah! It is a sin to speak so. We are better off than we were this time last year. I had no food to give you, and no shelter. The children were all day rolling in the gutter, and they slept in the dirty courts. Now, at least, they sleep on straw, they have a roof over their head.”

Sarah’s sobs grew louder.

She has been reminded of the child that was taken from her out there in the streets. It caught cold, grew hoarse, and died—and died, as it might have died in the forest, without help of any kind—it went out like a candle.

He tries to comfort her:

“Don’t cry, Sarah; don’t cry so! Do not sin against God!”

“O, Mendele, if only He would help us!”

“Sarah, for your own sake don’t take things so to heart. See what a figure you have made of yourself. Do you know, it is ten years to-day since we were married? Well, well, who would think you were the beauty of the town!”

“And you, Mendele; do you remember, you were called Mendele the strong—and now you are

The Fast

bent double, you are ill, and you don't tell me! O, my God, my God!"

The cry escapes her, the children are startled out of their sleep, and begin to wail anew: "Bread! Hungry!"

"Who ever heard of such a thing! Who is going to think of eating to-day?" is Mendele's sudden exclamation.

The children sit up in alarm.

"This is a fast day!" continues Mendele with a stern face.

Several minutes elapse before the children take in what has been said to them.

"What sort of a fast is it?" they inquire tearfully.

And Mendele with downcast eyes tells them that in the morning, during the Reading of the Law, the Scroll fell from the desk. "Whereupon," he continues, "a fast was proclaimed in which even sucking children are to take part." The children are silent, and he goes on to say:

"A fast like that on the Day of Atonement, beginning overnight."

The four children tumble out of bed; bare-footed, in their little ragged shirts, they begin to caper round the room, shouting: "We are going to fast, to fast, to fast!"

Mendele screens the light with his shoulder, so that they shall not see their mother's tears.

"There, that will do, children, that will do!"

The Fast

Fast days were not meant for dancing. When the Rejoicing of the Law comes, then we will dance, please God!" The children get back into bed. Their hunger is forgotten.

One of them, a little girl, starts singing: "Our Father, our King," and "On the High Mountain."

Mendele shivers from head to foot.

"One does not sing, either," he says in a choked voice.

The children are silent, and go off to sleep, tired out with singing and dancing. Only the eldest opens his eyes once more and inquires of his father:

"Tatè, when shall I be Bar-Mitzvah?"

"Not yet, not for a long time—in another four years. You must grow and get strong."

"Then you will buy me a pair of phylacteries?"

"Of course."

"And a little bag to hold them?"

"Why, certainly!"

"And a little, tiny prayer-book with gilt edges?"

"With God's help! You must pray to God, Chaimle!"

"Then I shall keep all the fasts!"

"Yes, yes, Chaimle, all the fasts," adding, below his breath: "Lord of the world, only not any like this one—not like to-day's."

ISAAC LOEB PEREZ.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

A LOVE SONG

LET my sweet song be pleasing unto Thee,
The incense of my praise,
O my Beloved, that art flown from me,
Far from mine errant ways!

(But I have held the garment of His love,
Seeing the wonder and the might thereof.)

The glory of Thy Name is my full store,
Enough for all the pain wherein I strove.
Increase my sorrow—I shall love Thee more!
Marvellous is Thy love!

JEHUDA HALEVI.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

RETURN

AND I will turn the captivity of My people
Israel,

And they shall build the waste cities and inhabit
them;

And they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine
thereof;

They shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of
them.

And I will plant them upon their land,

And they shall no more be plucked up

Out of their land which I have given them,

Saith the Lord thy God.

Amos ix. 14-15.

UPRIGHTNESS

RAB SAFRA had a valuable jewel for sale, and some merchants had offered him five gold pieces for the same, but he declined and demanded ten, which the merchants refused to give, and left him. After second consideration, he, however, resolved upon selling the jewel for five pieces. The next day the merchants unexpectedly returned just at the time when Rab Safra was at prayers. "Sir," they said to him, "we come to you again in order to do business after all. Do you wish to part with the jewel for the price we offered you?" But Rab Safra made no reply. "Well, well! don't get angry, we will add another two pieces." Rab Safra still remained silent. "Well, then, be it as you say; you shall get the ten pieces, the price you require." By this time Rab Safra had just ended his prayers, and said: "Gentlemen, I was at prayers, and did not wish to be interrupted in my devotions. In regard to the price of the jewel, I have already resolved upon selling it at the price you offered me yesterday. If you then pay me five pieces of gold, I am satisfied: more I cannot take."

TALMUD.

SIMHAS TORAH

(THE REJOICING OF THE LAW.)

“**S**IMHAS TORAH! Skip and hop
On your feet till down you drop!
In your mouth a merry jest
And a burden in your breast!”

OLD SONG.

(*Adapted by S. Frug.*)

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

NEHEMIAH

NINETY-TWO years after the edict of Cyrus,* Singleheart stepped upon the scene. He was a Jew, born probably in Persia, and rose, in spite of his origin, by rare ability to a high place in the service of Artaxerxes. His title was cupbearer; but all such titles are misleading. He was a statesman and a courtier, and it was only one of his duties to taste the wine before he poured it out for the king, and so secure him at his own risk against poison. This royal favourite, bred in soft Persia and lodged in those earthly paradises, the summer palace and winter palace of his monarch, had yet "Jerusalem written on his heart."

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Singleheart, better known as Nehemiah, was leading a life of delights with the king at Shushan, when Hanani, a pious Jew, who had gone with a company to visit Jerusalem, returned from that journey. Nehemiah questioned him eagerly about their city and countrymen.

Then Hanani and his fellows hung their heads, and told Nehemiah that the remnant of the cap-

* Giving the Jews permission to return from Babylon to Jerusalem and to rebuild the Temple.—[EDITOR.]

Nehemiah

tivity in that land were in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem, also, was broken down, and the gates burned with fire.

See now how Jerusalem was beloved by her exiled sons! Born, bred, and thriving in soft, seductive Persia, the true-hearted Jew Nehemiah was struck down directly by these words. He who had a right to stand on the steps of the greatest throne in the world sat down upon the ground, and fasted and wept and prayed before the God of heaven; and this was his confession and his prayer: "O Lord God of heaven . . . we have dealt very corruptly against Thee, and have not kept the commandments, nor the statutes, nor the judgments, which Thou commandedst Thy servant Moses. Remember, I beseech Thee, the word that Thou commandedst Thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations: but if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them, though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there. . . ."*

Public men are slaves as well as masters, their consciences seldom their own, their time never. Neither their pleasures nor their griefs can be long indulged. The bereaved statesman is not allowed

* Nehemiah i. 5-9.

Nehemiah

to be quiet and to mourn; he must leave the new grave and the desolate home for his arena, sometimes must even take part in a public festivity with a bleeding heart. This very thing befell Nehemiah. . . .

Great Artaxerxes gave a superb banquet to his nobility: the queen was there—no everyday event. . . . Gold plate by the ton, gorgeous silk dresses of every hue, marble pillars, fountains, music, lights to turn night into day, slaves, sultanas, courtiers resplendent as stars, and all worshipping their sun Artaxerxes. . . .

It was Singleheart's duty to present the cup to this earthly divinity. So he took up the golden goblet, filled it ceremoniously, and offered it with a deep obeisance, as he had often done before; but now for the first time with a sorrowful face.

This was so strange a thing in him, or indeed in any courtier, that the king noticed it at once; even as he took the cup his eye dwelt on this sad face, and he said directly: "Why is your countenance sad?"

Nehemiah was too much taken aback to reply. The king questioned him again. "You are not sick?"

Still no reply.

"This is sorrow, and nothing else."

Then Nehemiah was sore afraid, and I will tell you why. His life was in danger. Even a modern

Nehemiah

autocrat like Louis XIV. expected everybody's face to shine if he did but appear, and how much more an Artaxerxes ! . . .

But though Nehemiah felt his danger, yet the king's actual words were not menacing, and the courtier found courage to tell the simple truth. He *salaamed* down to the ground. "Let the king live for ever !" After this propitiatory formula he replied : "Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste, and its gates are burned with fire ?"

These are brave words and can be read aggressively; only that it is not how Nehemiah spoke them. It was his to propitiate, not to offend, and his tones were broken-hearted and appealing, not contumacious.

Then Nehemiah set us all an example. He did not answer the king out of his own head, and pray for wisdom six hours afterwards, because it was bed-time. He prayed standing on the spot, and like a skilful gunner, shot the occasion flying. Strengthened by ejaculatory prayer, the soul's best weapon, he said : "If it please the king, and if thy servant has found favour in thy sight, pray send me to Judah unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may rebuild it."

The king's answer was rather favourable. He was unwilling to lose a good servant for ever, and asked him how long he wished to be away; but

Nehemiah

this was as much as to say he should go, upon conditions.

When that one point was settled, and leave of absence conceded, Nehemiah got bolder and bolder. He asked for passports where needed, and an order on Asaph for timber, etc. The liberal monarch granted all, and even volunteered a cavalry escort to see him safe to the end of that long and perilous journey. In recording the first of these petitions the autobiographer, Nehemiah, suddenly informs us that the queen was sitting by the king's side. This looks as if he connected her somehow in his own mind with his petition and the king's bounty, and rather favours the notion that she was the famous Esther, and sympathised then and there with her sad countryman by look or gesture.

So Singleheart left the lap of luxury and rode with his escort from Shushan to Jerusalem. . . .

He reached Jerusalem . . . and on the third day, in the middle of the night, he rose and took with him, not his Persian escort to make a clatter of hoofs and a parade, but a few trusty men on foot, and even to them he did not reveal "what God had put into his heart to do at Jerusalem." So with his secret locked at present in his breast, he passed out by the gate of the valley and round the city, and under the silver light of the moon and stars, viewed the clean gaps, the burned fragments

Nehemiah

of the gates, and the jagged breaches in the walls of the holy city. . . .

Fresh from that starlight picture Nehemiah went to the Jewish nobles, priests and princes, showed the powers he held under the hand of Artaxerxes, and urged them to rebuild the walls and revive the national glory. He has not told us what he said, but it is clear he found words of rare eloquence, for they all caught fire directly, and cried out: "Let us rise and build!"

CHARLES READE.

THE JEWISH MAY

MAY has come from out the showers,
Sun and splendour in her train;
All the grasses and the flowers
Waken up to life again.
Once again the leaves do show,
And the meadow-blossoms blow;
Once again thro' hills and dales
Ring the songs of nightingales.

Wheresoe'er on field or hill-side
With her paint-brush Spring is seen,
In the valley, by the rill-side,
All the earth is decked with green.
Once again the sun beguiles,
Moves the drowsy world to smiles.
See ! the sun, with mother-kiss,
Wakes her child to joy and bliss.

Now each human feeling presses,
Flow'r-like, upward to the light,
Softly, thro' the heart's recesses,
Steal sweet fancies, pure and bright.
Golden dreams, their wings out-shaking,
Now are making

The Jewish May

Realms celestial,
All of azure,
New life waking,
Bringing treasure
Out of measure
For the soul's delight and pleasure.

Who then, tell me, old and sad,
Nears us, with a heavy tread,
On the sward in verdure clad ?
See, he looks, and shakes his head.
Lonely is the strange newcomer,
Wearily he walks and slow—
His sweet spring-time and his summer
Faded long and long ago !

Say, who is it yonder walks
Past the hedgerows decked anew,
While a fearsome spectre stalks
By his side, the woodland thro' ?
'Tis our ancient friend the Jew !
No sweet fancies hover round him,
Nought but terror and distress,
While, revealed
In wounds unhealed,
Wither corpses—old affections,
Ghosts of former recollections,
Buried youth and happiness.

The Jewish May

Briar and blossom bow to meet him
In derision round his path;
Gloomily the hemlocks greet him,
And the crow screams out in wrath.
Strange the birds, and strange the flowers,
Strange the sunshine seems and dim,
Folk on earth and heav'nly powers—
Lo, the May is strange to him !

Little flowers, it were meeter
If ye made not quite so bold.
Sweet are ye, but oh, far sweeter
Knew he in the days of old !
Oranges by thousands glowing
Filled the groves on either hand.
All the plants were God's own sowing
In his happy, far-off land !

Ask the cedars on the mountain !
Ask them, for they knew him well !
Myrtles green by Sharon's fountain,
In whose shade he loved to dwell !
Ask the Mount of Olives beauteous,
Ev'ry tree by ev'ry stream !
One and all will answer duteous
For the fair and ancient dream. . . .

O'er the desert and the pleasance
Breeze of Eden softly blew,
And the Lord His loving Presence
Evermore declared anew.

The Jewish May

Angel-children at their leisure
Played in thousands round his tent,
Countless thoughts of joy and pleasure
God to his beloved sent.

There, in bygone days and olden,
From a wondrous harp and golden
Charmed he songs of beauty rare,
Holy, chaste beyond compare.
Never with the ancient sweetness,
Never in their old completeness,
Shall they sound: our dream is ended,
On a willow-bough suspended. . . .

Gone that dream so fair and fleeting !
Yet, behold: thou dream'st anew !
Hark ! a *new* May gives thee greeting
From afar. Dost hear it, Jew ?
Weep no more, altho' with sorrows
Wearied e'en to death, I see
Happier years and brighter morrows
Dawning, oh my Jew, for thee !
Hear'st thou not the promise ring
Where, like doves on silver wing,
Thronging cherubs sweetly sing
New-made songs of what shall be ?

Hark ! your olives shall be shaken,
And your citrons and your limes
Filled with fragrance; God shall waken,
Lead you, as in olden times.

The Jewish May

In the pastures by the river
Ye once more your flocks shall tend,
Ye shall live, and live for ever,
Happy lives that know no end.
No more wand'ring, no more sadness;
Peace shall be your lot, and still
Hero-hearts shall throb with gladness
'Neath Moriah's silent hill.
Nevermore of dread afflictions
Or oppressions need ye tell;
Filled with joy and benedictions
In the old home shall ye dwell.
To the fatherland returning,
Following the homeward path,
Ye shall find the embers burning,
Still, upon the ruined hearth !

MORRIS ROSENFELD.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

EMMA LAZARUS

A NATIONALIST POET

JUST over seventy years ago a little girl was born into a Jewish family living in New York. This little girl was Emma Lazarus, but beyond the fact that she was one of a family of seven, and that she spent her winters in the city and her summers by the sea, we know little about her. She seems to have had all the things that make a happy childhood, a loving father and mother, sufficient money, a cultured home, and yet one guesses that the child was not happy. Poets are difficult people to live with, even poets in the nursery. The verses in Emma Lazarus' first volume, written between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, are desperately tragic. Her unhappiness may have come in part from religious difficulties. The Lazarus family, Portuguese by descent, belonged to the most orthodox congregation in New York. Emma, as she grew up, separated herself, in outward observance at least, from the Jewish faith. Her action does not seem to have affected the devotion that existed between herself and her parents—what a wise and tolerant father and mother they must have

Emma Lazarus

been!—but it could hardly have failed to cause some grief and heartburning.

Although these early verses of Emma Lazarus have a certain interest, it is only four years later that she gives us poems that are real poetry, and even these cannot be called great poetry. "Epochs," "silent thoughts by the wayside," does, however, contain some very charming descriptions of nature.

"Thin summer rain . . .
Reddening the road and deepening the green
On wide, blurred lawn,

"Steaming rain-washed slopes,
Now satisfied with sunshine,

"The grey, austere old earth renews her youth
With dew-lines, sunshine, gossamer and haze."

In the same volume as "Epochs" appeared "Admetus," a poem based on classical legend, and Tannhäuser, based on Teutonic legend. Both these works have fine passages, but hardly reach the front rank. Perhaps the fact that there are greater poems on the same, or similar, themes makes one unfair to them. The next work was a prose romance founded on the life of the great German writer, Goethe, and this was followed by a blank verse tragedy, "The Spagnoletto," dealing with the seventeenth-century Italian painter. Emma Lazarus seems to have been wandering up and down

Emma Lazarus

the centuries and in and out of various forms of literary expression in search of inspiration, but never quite finding it.

Translation is another variety of writing at which she was trying her hand, translation from the French, from the Italian, from the German. In the last she achieved success. There is the affinity between her and the German Jew, Heine, that is necessary for real interpretation. Her translation of his work takes on an originality of its own; perfection is always original.

Nevertheless all that Emma Lazarus had done so far was but preparation. Had she stopped short at this point she would have failed. Indeed, in reading her poems at this time, one feels that she herself is conscious of failure. "Echoes" voices a sense of failure as a poet despite all the praise her works have gained.

"Late-born and woman-souled I dare not hope,
The freshness of the elder lays, the might
Of manly, modern passion shall alight
Upon my Muse's lips, nor may I cope
(Who veiled and screened by womanhood must grope)
With the world's strong-armed warriors and recite
The dangers, wounds, and triumphs of the fight."

"Spring Longing" and "Autumn Sadness" reveal a sense of failure as a woman, despite the loving home circle, the group of friends, friends among whom were counted such men as Emerson

Emma Lazarus

and Channing. There is a consciousness of not having lived life to the full, of having passed by untapped treasures.

“ Oh, to be in Spain to-day,
Where the May
Recks no whit of good or evil,
Love and only love breathes she !
Oh, to be
'Midst the olive-rows of Seville !

* * * * *
“ Tempt no more ! I may not follow,
Like the swallow,
Gaily on the track of Spring.
Bounden by an iron fate,
I must wait,
Dream and wonder, yearn and sing.

* * * * *
“ While earth, sea, and heavens shine,
Heart of mine,
Say, what are thou waiting for ?
Shall the cup ne'er reach the lip,
But still slip
Till the life-long thirst give o'er ?

* * * * *
“ Seek some dusky, twilight spot,
Quite forgot
Of the Autumn's Bacchic fire.
Where soft mists and shadows sleep,
There outweep
Barren longing's vain desire.”

Suddenly there is a change. This change is not so much in Emma Lazarus' life—physically she is unaffected: it is in her soul. For in the year 1880 a cry reached comfortable America from across

Emma Lazarus

the waters, a bitter cry, new to that generation although to us it has grown very familiar: "They are massacring the Eastern Jews." Emma Lazarus in her sheltered home seems to have found the cry hard to believe—it *is* hard to believe that human beings can purposely kill each other. It could only have been lack of belief that caused her to let over a year pass before she bestirred herself. Probably the ships coming in with their cargoes of fleeing, panic-stricken victims first brought her conviction. But then, as though strengthened by delay, she leaps into the field, a knight of the spirit with her sword of song, and shining armour of righteousness. Essays, articles, letters, poems, all championing and revealing Jewry, a Jewish drama, Hebrew translations, pour from her pen. She discovers Zionism in the pages of *Daniel Deronda*—"a seed of fire," she calls it, the only solution that is not a "temporary palliative." Practical charity among the immigrants, visits to them in their landing-place on Ward's Island, brim over her busy days.

Such days must be too busy, one feels, for real literary achievement. Yet, curiously enough, it is in this whirl and tumult, and not during the quiet, leisured years of youth, that Emma Lazarus finds success. The poems written now, such poems as "The Crowing of the Red Cock," "The New Year," "In Exile," "Gifts," strike a new note of decision, of reality. There are a strength and a fulfil-

Emma Lazarus

ment about her articles, "Russian Christianity versus Modern Judaism" and "Epistle to the Hebrews," that were absent before. Her play, "The Dance to Death," is a less certain attainment. It deals with twelfth-century persecution and is said to be founded on an historic record. The Jews of Nordhausen in Germany are condemned to be burnt alive. They dress themselves in their finest raiment, their most costly jewels, and carrying the scrolls of the Law and all their sacred treasures, die dancing and singing on a blazing platform. The incident is fine, this gallant, tragic "Rejoicing of the Law," and yet the play fails to be a great tragedy.

In May, 1883, Emma Lazarus paid her first visit to Europe. Her year and a half of flaming effort demanded change and rest. Perhaps it could hardly be called "rest," for the four months over here—she spent nearly the whole time in England—are filled with parties, visits, sight-seeing, entertainment of all sorts. In short, she was lionised and seems to have thoroughly enjoyed it. September finds her back in New York, but not back in the old activity. One cannot but think that some beginning of illness is upon her; certainly, in the following summer she becomes desperately ill. Her recovery is slow; indeed, during her brief remaining years did she ever recover? Apart from her own doubtful health, the winter of 1884-5 is

Emma Lazarus

darkened by her father's illness. She loses him in the spring.

Broken-hearted Emma Lazarus again travels to England. Here she does regain a certain measure of peace, although not of power to work. However, Rome, where she spends the winter, is so full of interest that she hardly seems to want to write. She proposes returning there after another summer spent in England. But in Paris, on her way, she is stricken down. This time there is not even a seeming recovery; the most she achieves is a short drive or a few hours spent on the balcony. The months drag on and on. In July they decide to risk all and bring her home to New York. In November, 1887, at the age of thirty-eight, she died.

A short life—very short. For one can almost say with Emma Lazarus' life that it is crowded into two years. Certainly two wonderful years hold her life-work; they probably also hold her life-happiness. For, although it was during this time that Emma Lazarus was grieved and outraged by the Russian persecution, yet it was during this time that she knew the satisfaction of fighting and alleviating that persecution. Not only did she find that she too could "recite the dangers, wounds, and triumphs of the fight," but her recitation in itself was a part of the fight.

And it was an enduring part. One of Emma

Emma Lazarus

Lazarus' sonnets written at this date has already achieved permanence in letters of bronze on the base of New York's statue of Liberty, "the mighty woman with a torch," the "Mother of Exiles," who looks out to welcome her children from across the sea. But other poems of these same two years are even more imperishable, the Jewish poems that live although she died, the poems that make her a poet. For in these poems Emma Lazarus first found herself, perhaps because she first lost herself. She found herself and she found her people. By her poems she uplifted the crushed spirit of the poor Russian Jews stricken by hardship. She uplifted the crushed spirit of the rich American Jews stricken by prosperity. She found a small community; she left a potential people. In one of her verses she cries for a Jewish leader, a standard-bearer:

"Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the Banner of the Jew!"

But Emma Lazarus, if not herself an Ezra, was certainly a banner-bearer in Israel.

EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL.

GIFTS

“O WORLD-GOD, give me Wealth!” the Egyptian cried.

His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and Pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold,
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.

His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined

Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

“O World-God, give me Beauty!” cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,

Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

Gifts

“ O World-God, give me Power !” the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

“ O Godhead, give me Truth !” the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none
to save.

The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK

ACROSS the Eastern sky has glowed
The flicker of a blood-red dawn,
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
A million burning roof-trees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
The son of man is bruised and banned,
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,
Is visited upon his kind.
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,
The tyranny of kings, combined
To root his seed from earth again;
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
Against his sires and kin is known,
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
The agony of ages shown,
What oceans can the stain remove
From Christian law and Christian love?

The Crowing of the Red Cock

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
The hideous tale of sin narrate,
Re-echoing in the martyr's ear;
Even he might nurse revengeful hate,
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,
Who singly against worlds has fought,
For what? A name he may not breathe,
For liberty of prayer and thought.
The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is—to forget.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

WAKE, Israel, wake ! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His fivefold lion-lineage;
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.*

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves : down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following see,
Ten thousand rush to victory !

* The sons of Mattathias—Jonathan, John, Eleazer, Simon (also called the Jewel), and Judas, the Prince.

The Banner of the Jew

O for Jerusalem's trumpet now
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour !
No hand for vengeance—but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

O deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent !
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew* !

A rag, a mock at first—ere long,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike ! for the brave revere the brave !

EMMA LAZARUS.

ISRAEL'S PRIVILEGE

A CERTAIN king constantly reminded his servant to take care of a purple cloak, to clean, to brush, to fold it properly, and to pay great attention in preserving the same; and this caution he repeated to the servant continually. One day, however, the servant could not refrain from addressing the king in these words: "Great king, thou hast hundreds of purple garments not less beautiful than this, and yet thou always remindest me in regard to this particular cloak only?" The king replied: "This one I like best, because I wore it on the day when I was placed on the throne."

In the same manner said Moses, when God gave him hundreds of commandments for Israel: "O my God! Thou hast many nations on earth, and yet Thou speakest continually to me of Israel, and it is always Israel to which Thou callest my attention?"

Whereupon God said: "They are all My people, but this one nation I love best because it was the first to proclaim My kingdom upon earth."

TALMUD.

SONG OF THE WIND AND THE RAIN

O THOU that dost cover the heavens
With a garment of cloud; by Whose word
Ever season succeeds unto season—
Creator, Sustainer, and Lord—
By the breath of Thy Spirit Thou gavest
Our life; Thou dost give it again
When Thou openest Thy treasure of blessings
To send us the wind and the rain.

Unlock the rich store of Thy treasures,
Send life to Thy creatures again;
For the wind is Thy Spirit's returning
And Thy blessing descends as the rain!

To Thee, all the world of Thy creatures,
Of land and of wave and of air,
With the man Thou hast formed in Thine image,
Are turning their faces in prayer;
'Tis the season of wind—send Thy Spirit,
Renewing the wonder of birth;
'Tis the season of rain—pour the waters
Of life o'er the face of the earth!

Unlock the rich store of Thy treasures,
Send life to Thy creatures again;
For the wind is Thy Spirit's returning
And Thy blessing descends as the rain!

Song of the Wind and the Rain

Let the wastes of the earth know Thy mercy;
The desert, the drought-withered sod,
At the kiss of Thy rain-laden breezes
Shall bloom as the garden of God;
And the beast of the field, gaunt with famine,
And the man in whose heart hope was stilled,
Shall praise Thee in grateful hosannas
As they eat from Thy hand, and are filled.

Unlock the rich store of Thy treasures,
Send life to Thy creatures again;
For the wind is Thy Spirit's returning
And Thy blessing descends as the rain !

And that land of our love and our longing,
Now barren, deserted, forlorn,
Bereft of palm, citron, and myrtle,
Of olive, of grape, and of corn—
Let Thy Spirit caress her parched furrows,
Send Thy pitying, quickening rain,
That her hills may smile newly in vineyards
And her fields laugh in ripples of grain.

Unlock the rich store of Thy treasures,
Send life to Thy creatures again;
For the wind is Thy Spirit's returning
And Thy blessing descends as the rain !

Song of the Wind and the Rain

O Father, in mercy unfailing,
To pardon the souls that have strayed,
Loose Thy dove from the net of the fowler—
Let Thy folk sing Thy praise, unafraid !
No merit we plead, but Thy promise
That we bind on our brow, on our hand,
That we write on our gates—“ *In their seasons
I will send you the rains of your land !*”

Unlock the rich store of Thy treasures,
Send life to Thy creatures again ;
For the wind is Thy Spirit's returning
And Thy blessing descends as the rain !

Translated from the Hebrew by Dr. S. Solis-Cohen.

BEHOLD, at that time
I will deal with all them that afflict thee ;
And I will save her that is lame,
And gather her that was driven away ;
And I will make them to be a praise and a name
Whose shame hath been in all the earth.
At that time will I bring you in,
And at that time will I gather you ;
For I will make you to be a name and a praise
Among all the peoples of the earth.
When I turn your captivity before your eyes,
Saith the Lord.

Zephaniah iii. 19-20.

A FAILURE ?

HE cast his net at morn where fishers toiled,
At eve he drew it empty to the shore;
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,
But thence within his hand no pearl he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;
He sped an arrow, but he missed his aim;
And slept at last beneath a simple stone,
With no achievements carved above his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part
I dare not use that word, for what if Heaven
Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,
Not "Hast thou won?" but only "Hast thou
striven?"

K. T. GOODE.

STARLIGHT

THE darkness which closed in upon the Jews when Jerusalem fell, in the year 70, lasted for 1,500 years. Through all those long centuries the clouds of prejudice and of persecution hung low and lowering over all the countries in which Jews dwelt, and it was only in Spain, and for a comparatively short interval, that there was any break in the gloom. Through all those centuries the race was outcast and alien, under the lash of the Church and under the ban of the State. Church and State changed faiths and names, old dynasties and old beliefs gave place to new, boundaries were shifted, and civilisation took fresh forms, but the darkness that had fallen on the Jews when Titus ruled over pagan Rome, never lifted in all those centuries, save for that brief period during the Mahomedan occupation of Spain. In the dense gloom, the word of God was, to His "Witnesses," in literal truth what David had declared it should be, "a lamp unto their feet." It did not keep them from stumbling, but it saved them from being utterly lost and cast away in the terrible thick darkness. Burdens were heavy, and "a lamp unto the feet" was sorely needed, for men stooped under their loads, and their eyes looked mostly earthwards. But also, from time to time, through that long night of sorrow, stars, as it were, rose

Starlight

on the black background, giving, to those who could look up, some trembling and uncertain light on their weary way. Good men and wise men and successful men, at different periods, and in different countries, stood out from the ranks, and made the name of Jew a name of honour, and not of reproach. Some of these men were like shooting stars, just raising a bright swift track of light, and dying down as quickly, having lit up only their own pathway. And some gave forth but tiny rays, yet, grouped together in patient scholarship, these unnamed units gradually grew into useful constellations. And just a few, in their great gift of shining, were like fixed stars, and the wide white light of their wisdom endures even unto these days.

KATIE MAGNUS.

LONGING

TO meet the fountain of true life I run;
Lo ! I am weary of vain and empty life !
To see my King's face is my only strife;
Beside Him have I fear or dread of none.

O that a dream might hold Him in its bond !
I would not wake; nay, sleep should ne'er depart.
Would I might see His face within my heart !
Mine eyes would never yearn to look beyond.

JEHUDA HALEVI.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

TEARS

* * * *

ALAS for Shimmelé! It was not long before life answered him most effectually, and he questioned no longer, "Why do the people weep?"

* * * *

The year had been a bad one; spring floods had washed away the autumn sowing; the summer had been cold and wet, and gaunt famine stared the country in the face. What little wind and weather had left the land, wicked misrule wrenched away pitilessly.

When the farmer has no money, the Jew can do no business; and the poor pedlars and small merchants returned haggard and weary from their useless journeys.

But the people of the Gass* are provident. When there are no earnings, there is dowry and burial money to eat, and those that have, share with their poorer brethren.

Not so the Gentile farmers and labourers of the province. They sat in the taverns discussing the nature of the hard times, and washing away their cares with plentiful flow of bad whisky. At first it was the bad weather, then the wrath of God, then the government, but quickly, mysteriously,

* Jewish quarter, written fully *Judengass*.

Tears

as if by magic, there appeared agitators in the land, who stood in the taverns haranguing the crowds. They it was who told the people what is the real source of the evil; they found a scapegoat for Maritz, the same that had been found in every time and place for centuries, and, as heretofore, so now its name was—the Jew.

“Where is the money?” cried these. “Has it melted like snow, or run away like water? No, it is still in the world, and who has got it? The Jews! Why do the farmers hunger? Why do the merchants complain? Because the Jews have all the money. They bring you bad wares into your house, and take away your good money, and now you starve, and they sit warm on their full money-bags. Has any one of you ever seen a Jewish beggar at your door?”

“By heaven, no!” cried the foolish people, who saw this point. “The Jews never go a-begging.”

And it was true, there were no Jewish beggars to be seen in Maritz. When the poor reached the end of their means, there was the congregational poor fund, which Reb Noach, Frau Malka, and others had greatly swelled during the hard times, to draw from. None dropped so low as to beg from a Gentile, and if he had, it would have been vain, for his religion forbade him to eat the bread from the Christian’s table.

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Tears

On a day in Christmas week there appeared a Jesuit revivalist in Maritz, who preached eloquently in the church on the passion and death of Jesus Christ.

On the following Sabbath, when the Shabbasgoyah* with her son appeared as usual in Maryam's house, Shimmelé† gave Bomul, whom he counted his friend, a piece of his Barches (Sabbath bread) as had always been his habit. Bomul took the bread, but turned his back roughly, and would not speak to Shimmelé.

"What ails thee, Bomul?" cried Shimmelé.

"Go! Thou hast killed God, Jesus Christ!"

Shimmelé eyed the elder boy gravely.

"They are fooling thee," he said. "There is only one God. He has been always, and will always be—just ask my Babé—none can kill Him."

"O thou liar! The priest said it in church. I guess he ought to know."

* * * * *

Maryam's business was a peculiarly unfortunate one. It flourished only with the affluence of the Gass. The large oven was now oftenest cold, and Maryam sat troubled and idle. She would gladly have relinquished Shimmelé to his parents now, but

* The Sabbath fire-woman, a Gentile, who tends the fires and lights of the Jews, as these are not permitted to touch either on the Sabbath.

† Maryam's little grandson whom she had adopted.

‡ Grandmother.—[EDITOR].

Tears

the crops on Reb Shlomé's farm had also failed, and there was hardly more than potatoes and salt on which to struggle through the winter. There came a day when she arrived at the end of her means; there was nothing left save the little hoard which was to buy her blind son's eyesight. She would have cut off her right hand rather than touch it.

On a bitter day, Maryam sent Shimmelé to the heights to collect an outstanding debt from one of her aristocratic customers. Shimmelé waited long for the appearance of the mistress of the house, but left in the end, downcast and empty-handed.

As he was passing the mouth of a narrow street, he was stopped by a group of Christian boys who were playing ball. Bomul, the fire-woman's son, was one of them, and noticing Shimmelé he suddenly cried:

"There he goes, the Christ-killer!"

The other boys took up the name like a chorus, and shouted it again and again:

"Christ-killer! Christ-killer!"

Shimmelé flushed with indignation, and, following his first impulse, began a defence, gravely explaining that he had not even seen their Christ, much less killed Him, but his words were drowned in the scornful jeering of the crowd. Then he strove to walk on, but a boy who was a stranger to him cried:

"Out of the way there!" and jostled him into the gutter.

Tears

This feat was greeted by approving laughter, and the boy, thus stimulated to further efforts, suddenly planted himself before Shimmelé and barred his progress. This boy was markedly different from the rest, a broad brow and clear-cut features of Teutonic cast distinguishing him from his heavy-faced, duller Slav companions. He was less roughly clad, and his manner was tinged with a foreign hue, and, as was apparent, he posed as a leader of the company.

"Take thy cap off when a Christian gentleman speaks," he commanded.

The boys had formed a ring about Shimmelé and his tormentor, and were convulsed with merriment at the latter's unique mode of amusing them. Shimmelé had paled with fear. In vain he scanned the faces of the group for one friendly look. Resistance was useless. He lifted his hand to remove his cap, but before he could reach it, it was plucked from his head and flung into the mud. This called forth more encouraging laughter, and the little torturer, swelling with an ambition to shine, now cried:

"Look here, fellows, I'll show you how to handle these Jew-dogs."

The boys looked expectant, and Shimmelé grew more pale.

"Now make a bow," cried the little tyrant. The boys yelled with delight, but Shimmelé's jaw showed sudden signs of resistance. He burned with shame.

Tears

that he, the Bochurlé,* the pride of the Gass, should be made to bob foolishly for the sport of these Goyim in the street, but a blow on the head reminded him of his helplessness. He remembered, too, that a constant lesson of his short life had been not to reply when they insult you. He wished nothing save to return to his grandmother in peace and unharmed, for he knew how she would grieve if aught befell. So Shimmelé set his teeth and with livid face began gravely bowing to the shrieking crowd.

“Deeper, deeper!”

Shimmelé bowed deeply and solemnly. But the little torturer had not yet finished.

“Now,” he cried, “kneel down.”

The crowd yelled hilariously, and Shimmelé had not time to protest, for a dozen strong hands pressed him quickly to his knees.

The climax had yet to come, the little fiend with artistic instinct having reserved the best for the last.

“Now,” cried he, beaming with a sense of coming success, “now cross thyself.”

This was the culmination of the absurd, and the boys roared with utter delight.

“Cross thyself! Make the cross, Jew!” they shouted in chorus. But the artist had reckoned only with Shimmelé and not with many centuries of his ancestors. These now came strangely into play. Shimmelé’s jaw had become rigid as iron.

* A little scholar.

Tears

The blood was back in his face, and his eyes blazed fearlessly into his tormenters', glowing eloquently with deep and utter contempt.

The artist felt his power going, the boys were still jeering but the point of their merriment seemed turning on himself.

"Cross thyself!" he roared again and again, kicking and pummelling Shimmelé the while in his rage, but the blood of Shimmelé's martyred ancestry boiled in his veins, and had they then and there hacked him to pieces, he would not have made the sign of the cross.

And now it was Bomul, the son of the fire-woman, who saved Shimmelé further torture. Whether it was innate admiration of courage, or the memory of all the sweet Sabbath bread he had eaten in Maryam's house, he suddenly cried: "Run, fellows, the watch!"

The boys scattered; Shimmelé leapt to his feet and ran, but the little horde, finding themselves tricked, vented their rage characteristically—they had learned it from their elders—not on Bomul, the cause, but on Shimmelé, the victim. All pride, all courage had fled him; a little thing of quaking terror, he ran like a hunted hare, and they stoned him as he ran.

It was dusk when he crept into the house, and sat down quietly in a corner. His one desire was to save his grandmother the pain of knowing. Maryam sitting in the dark, misinterpreted his silence.

Tears

"So they did not give thee the money."

"Nay, nothing," said Shimmelé faintly.

Maryam stared through the dark in the direction of Shimmelé's quavering tones. With a sudden intuition of wrong, she sprang from her chair, and lighted a candle.

"Shimmelé!" she shrieked at sight of him. "How thou lookest!"

He was hatless and white and trembling and a thin stream of blood from a wound behind his ear was trickling down his neck.

In a moment she had torn his clothes from him, and disclosed the little round back, the white flesh bruised and broken and stained with the blood from his head.

With white, trembling lips Shimmelé bravely recounted the miserable tale of his persecutions.

"They tried to make me cry out, but I would not," he said with dignity, but when he came to the end, the ignoble end, fleeing and stoned through the street, he could bear it no longer.

"They stoned me—in the street—like a dog," cried Shimmelé, the Bochurlé, the future Chief Rabbi, and fell to sobbing bitterly in sheer misery and shame.

Maryam rocked him in her arms. She could not weep. Her heart writhed in utter pain; her soul burned with fierce rebellion.

"A little child!" she moaned. "My Shimmelé!"

MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN.

A PRAYER

GOD, I pray Thee, grant Thy people
Just their daily bread;
Not the bread of strife and friction,
Not the bread of sad affliction—
Tearless daily bread;
Not the bread by slaves desired,
Not the bread by shame acquired—
Honest daily bread;
That they may no longer gather
Crumbs from wealthy tables—Father,
Give their daily bread !

God, I pray Thee, grant Thy people
Courage, heart, and strength;
Not the strength, like tempest rushing,
On its way all wrecking, crushing—
Noble heart and strength;
That in man's inhuman battle,
They may not, like driven cattle,
Slaughtered be at length;
That they may be self-depending,
That they may be self-defending,
God, O give them strength !

A Prayer

God, I pray Thee, grant Thy people

Just a little pride;

Not the pride that severs brothers,

Seeing only faults in others—

True and noble pride;

That their young, and brave, and healthy,

That their wise, and strong, and wealthy,

Drift not with the tide;

That whate'er in life their stations,

Theirs be noble aspirations.

God, O give them pride !

God, I pray Thee, grant Thy people

Shelter and a home;

Not a home that swords acquire,

Not a home of blood and fire—

Just a peaceful home;

That they may not ever wander,

Torn and rent in parts asunder,

Tramp the earth and roam;

That their bond be never shattered,

That they be no longer scattered—

God, O bring them home !

PHILIP M. RASKIN.

THE SONGS OF THE NIGHT

AS David, in his youthful days, was tending his flocks on Bethlehem's plains, God's spirit came upon him, and his ears were opened, his understanding enlightened, that he might comprehend the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God; the glittering stars all formed one chorus; their harmonious melody resounded on earth, and the sweet fulness of their voices vibrated to its utmost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," said the setting sun. "I am the hem of His garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said: "We are His nocturnal tent;" and the waters in the clouds, and the hollow voice of the thunder, joined in the chorus: "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth, the Lord is upon many waters." "He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind; and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the aspiration of His benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched earth; "all around is praise; I alone am silent and mute!" And the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thine infants shall bloom like the young rose."

The Songs of the Night

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sang, "We are the blessings of God; the hosts of God against famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon. "We bless you," responded the stars; and the grasshopper chirped, "He blesses me too in the pearly dewdrop."

"He quenched my thirst," said the rose; "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and grants us our food," said the beasts of the forest; "and clothes my lambs," gratefully sang the sheep. "He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." And the turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds joined in their song. "We have found our nests; we dwell on the altar of the Lord and sleep under the shadow of His wing in tranquillity and peace."

"And peace," replied the night, and echo prolonged the sound, when chanticler awoke the dawn, and crowed, "Open the portals, the gates of the world! The King of Glory approacheth. Awake, arise, ye sons of men! Give praises and thanks to the Lord; for the King of Glory approacheth!"

The sun rose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. But, as long as he lived, the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them from the strings of his harp.

J. R.

DEW SONG

DEW, precious dew, unto Thy land forlorn !
Pour out our blessing in Thy exultation,
To strengthen us with ample wine and corn
And give Thy chosen city safe foundation
In dew.

Dew, precious dew, the good year's crown, we wait,
That earth in pride and glory may be fruited,
And that the city now so desolate
Into a gleaming crown may be transmuted
By dew.

Dew, precious dew, let fall upon the land,
From heaven's treasury be this accorded,
So shall the darkness by a beam be spanned,
The faithful of Thy vineyard be rewarded
With dew.

Dew, precious dew, to make the mountains sweet,
The savour of Thy excellence recalling !
Deliver us from exile, we entreat,
So we may sing Thy praises, softly falling
As dew !

Dew Song

Dew, precious dew, our granaries to fill,
And us with youthful freshness to enharden !
Belovèd God, uplift us at Thy will
And make us as a richly watered garden
With dew.

Dew, precious dew, that we our harvest reap,
And guard our fatted flocks and herds from leanness !
Behold, our people follow thee like sheep,
And looks to Thee to give the earth her greenness
With dew.

Translated from the Hebrew by Israel Zangwill.

JUDAISM IN METAPHOR

COUNTLESS are the figures under which Judaism appears in the Bible and the writings of the sages. Now it is compared to water, because it cleanses men from what is animal and low, and dulls and cools the passions; and now to wine, because time cannot injure it—nay, it increases in power with advancing age; to oil, because it mixes not with foreign elements, preserving ever its distinctiveness; to honey, because it is sweet and lovely, free from religious hatred; to a wall, because it protects its professors from the violence of the wicked; to manna, because it proclaims human equality before God, and asserts His justice; and lastly it is compared to a crown, because it invests every son of earth with sovereignty, and raises him higher than all nature.

A. JELLINEK.

A KINGDOM OF PRIESTS

AND Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying: "Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me from among all peoples; for all the earth is Mine; but ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel."

Exodus xix. 3-6.

SEDER NIGHT

PROSAIC miles of streets stretch all around
Astir with restless, hurried life, and spanned
By arches that with thund'rous trains resound,
And throbbing wires that galvanise the land;
Gin-palaces in tawdry splendour stand;
The newsboys shriek of mangled bodies found;
The last burlesque is playing in the Strand—
In modern prose all poetry seems drowned.

Yet in ten thousand homes this April night
An ancient People celebrates its birth
To Freedom, with a reverential mirth,
With customs quaint and many a hoary rite,
Waiting until, its tarnished glories bright,
Its God shall be the God of all the earth.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

THEREFORE, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said: "As the Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt," but: "As the Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the countries whither He had driven them;" and I will bring them back into their land that I gave unto their fathers.

Jeremiah xvi. 14-15.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO ISRAEL

WE Gentiles owe our life to Israel. It is Israel who has brought us the message that God is one, and that God is a just and righteous God, and demands righteousness of his children, and demands nothing else. It is Israel that has brought us the message that God is our Father. It is Israel who, in bringing us the Divine Law, has laid the foundation of liberty. It is Israel who had the first free institutions the world ever saw. It is Israel who has brought us our Bible, our prophets, our apostles. When sometimes our own unchristian prejudices flame out against the Jewish people, let us remember that all that we have and all that we are, we owe, under God, to what Judaism has given us.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE LITTLE JEWISH BOY

'TIS hard to tell this story—it is so simple. When I was still a young man, I was in the habit of assembling the children of our streets on Sunday mornings during the spring and summer, and of taking them with me through the woods beyond the city. I took great joy in making friends of these people who were as happy as birds.

The children were only too glad to leave the dusty and narrow streets of the city. Their mothers would provide them with slices of bread, while I would purchase some sweets and fill a big bottle of cider and, like a shepherd, I would walk behind the care-free little lambs, while we would pass through the town and the fields to the great forest arrayed in its summer robe of morning dew.

We would always start on our journey early in the morning when the church bells would be ushering in the morning prayers and, accompanied by the sweet chimes and the clouds of dust which were raised by the children's feet, we would proceed on our journey.

In the heat of the afternoon, exhausted from play, my companions would assemble at the edge of the forest, and after that, having partaken of

The Little Jewish Boy

their lunch, the smaller children would lie down, and sleep under the shade of large trees, and the bigger boys, gathering around me, would ask me to tell them stories, and I would relate one story after another, chattering with as much zest as the children, and very often I would, despite the self-assurance of youth and the ridiculous pride which springs from ignorance of life, feel like a twenty-year-old child among a gathering of sages.

Above us the blue cover of the spring sky. Before us the thick forest brooding in the wisdom of silence. The mild wind stirs the fragrant shadows of the woods and again we feel the tender embrace of mother soothing our souls.

Sailing slowly across the heavens are white clouds. Viewed from the earth that is warmed by the sun, the sky appears so cold, and it is wonderful to behold how the clouds melt away.

And about me—little people, dear little people, who have been called into the world to experience all the sorrows and all the joys of life.

These were my happy days, my real holidays, and my soul, already covered with the dust accumulated through a knowledge of all phases of life, was bathed and became refreshed in the clear wisdom of childish thoughts and feelings.

Once, when I emerged out of the city with the crowd of children, we came upon an unknown Jewish boy. He was barefooted and wore a tattered

The Little Jewish Boy

shirt. He was slim, his eyebrows were black, and his hair grew in kinks like that of a little sheep.

He was excited and appeared to have been crying. His eyelids, swollen and red, were particularly conspicuous in contrast with his emaciated face which was ghostly pale.

Bumping into the crowd of children, he remained standing still in the middle of the road, burrowing his bare feet in the dust. Overtaken by fear, the lips of his beautiful mouth were half opened. One leap and he was already on the sidewalk.

"Catch him," the children began to shout loud and gaily. "A little Jew boy! Catch the little Jew boy."

I waited, expecting that he would run away. Fear spoke through his thin face and large eyes. His lips trembled as he stood there with the shouts and laughter rising about him; he stretched, appearing as if he had suddenly grown bigger, pressed his shoulders against the fence, and held his hands behind him. But suddenly he spoke; very distinctly and in Russian he said:

"If you wish, I will show you some tricks." I knew his offer was made as the means of parrying any blows that might come his way. But the children were interested. It is true that the bigger boys looked with distrust and suspicion upon the little Jewish boy. But the smaller children approached the matter more simply.

The Little Jewish Boy

“Show us,” they shouted.

The handsome, sinewy lad moved away from the fence, bent his thin figure backward, and throwing himself upon his arms with his head towards the ground, he remained standing with his feet high up in the air, exclaiming, “Hop, hop, hop.”

Then he went through a number of gyrations, swinging his body lightly in the air. Through the rents in his shirt and trousers, we caught glimpses of the greyish pallor of his skin, and we noticed how sharply his knees and elbows bulged from his thin clothes.

It seemed to us as if, with one twist of his body, his young bones would crack and break.

He exerted himself to the utmost until his blouse around the shoulders grew wet with perspiration. After each feat performed, he looked into the children's eyes. A weary smile played about his lips, and it was unpleasant to see his dull eyes, which seemed to have grown large with pain; their strange and unsteady look was not at all like that of a child.

The children encouraged him with loud exclamations of praise. Some of them, endeavouring to imitate his feats, were rolling in the dust and shouting for joy or crying out with pain as they made successful or unsuccessful attempts to display their own athletic skill.

But the joyous mood soon passed when the little

The Little Jewish Boy

ew, bringing his performance to a sudden close, looked upon the children with the generous smile of a trained artist and, stretching forth his hand, said:

“Now, give me something.”

Silence fell upon all of us; then one of the children asked:

“Money?”

“Yes!” said the boy.

“What do you think of him? For money we could do that ourselves.”

The request aroused a hostile attitude towards the artist. The children, betaking themselves to the fields, ridiculed and insulted him. Of course none of them had any money. I myself had only seven kopeks with me. I put two coins in his hand. He moved the coins with his fingers and, smiling good-naturedly, he said “Thank you.”

He turned aside and I noticed black blotches upon his blouse which, wet with perspiration, was clinging close to his body.

“Wait a minute; what is this?”

He stopped, turned about, examined me closely, and with the same good-natured smile said distinctly:

“Do you mean the black blotches around my shoulders? That’s from falling off the trapeze. My father is still lying in bed, but I’m well now.”

The Little Jewish Boy

I lifted his blouse. On his back, running from his left shoulder to the other side, was a wide dark cut which had now become dried up into a thick corrugated wound.

While showing his trick, the wound had broken open at several points, and blood was now trickling down his back.

"It doesn't hurt any more," he said with the same kindly smile. "It doesn't hurt any more, and it is healing."

And in the manly way that is becoming to a hero, he looked into my eyes and spoke again with the tone of a serious and grown-up person. "Do you think I have been doing this for myself? I assure you that I have not. My father . . . we haven't a kopek, and my father hurt himself so badly. So you see, I have to work so hard and, to make matters worse, we are Jews, and everybody pokes fun at us. Good-bye."

He spoke smilingly with good cheer and courage.

With a shake of his curly head, he went on, and passed the nearby houses which gazed upon him with their glassy eyes, indifferent and dead.

It is such a simple and insignificant story—is it not?

Yet more than once through my darkest days, I have thought of the good cheer and courage of the little Jew boy.

The Little Jewish Boy

I think of the little boy, for in him I saw the bravery of real men; not the bending patience of slaves, who live with uncertain hopes, but the courage of the strong who are sure of their victory.

MAXIM GORKY.

THE REQUITAL

JUDAH, O help the world !
Judah, O save the world !
Look, she is falling,
Hark, she is calling.
You that are turning
Back from her spurning,
Glad to your land,
Rise now and help the world ;
Reach forth a hand.

Look on the suffering world,
Judah, the blighted world !
Fain had you loved her—
Nay, but you proved her
Cruel in heart to you,
False in her part to you ;
Now she lies prone.
Yet you can save the world,
Judah, alone.

Long have you walked the world,
Patient to serve the world,
Done as she bade you
Been what she made you,

The Requital

Under the rod of her,
Making a God of her—
Now you can stand
Upright and save the world,
Free on your land.

How could you save the world?
How could you reach the world?
Pent in the Pales of her,
Weighed in false scales of her,
Living and dying
Dumbly denying,
Vain your appeal!
Judah, how save the world,
Lashed to her wheel?

Yet you must save the world,
Judah, the stricken world!
You that are turning
Back from her spurning,
Sad from the smart of her
Home to the heart of her—
Zion set free!
Thence you can save the world,
Few though you be.

The Requital

Judah to help the world !

Judah to save the world !

Yours to deliver,

Healer and giver;

You, the rejected,

Purged and perfected,

Rise from her grave,

Saved but to save the world,

Chosen to save !

NINA SALAMAN.

RANKS IN SUFFERING

IF there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a National Tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes?

LEOPOLD ZUNZ.

Translated from the German by George Eliot.

HANUCAH LIGHTS

I.

LITTLE candles glistening,
Telling all those listening
Legends manifold.
Many a little story,
Tales of blood and glory,
Of the days of old.

As I watch you flicker,
As I list you bicker,
Speak the ancient dreams:
“Jew, you also took the field,
Jew, you made the foeman yield.”
God, how strange it seems !

Once you knew on what you stood
Wore the crown of nationhood,
Ruled among the rest.
“Jew, you had a land, one time,
And an armèd hand, one time——”
How it stirs the breast !

Little flickering glories,
All your little stories
Wake the sleeping pain.
In my heart it stirred and cried,
Asks, and will not be denied:
“Shall this be again ?”

Hanucah Lights

II.

Not always have we been, as now,
A nation given to moans and sighing.
We too made would-be conquerors bow,
And sent the astonished foeman flying !

We too have rushed to face the fray,
For our belief the battle braved,
And through the swords have fought our way,
And high the flag of victory waved.

But generations come and go,
And suns have risen and set in tears,
And we are feeble now and slow,
Foregone—the might of ancient years !

The courage of another age
Is lost amid oppression dire;
Yet in our blood the heritage
Of olden Maccabæan fire.

The nations round with cruel flail
Have threshed us—yet we have not blenched.
The fire within can never fail,
In seas of blood it burns unquenched.

Hanucah Lights

Oh, great and terrible our fall !
And all, except our dream, is gone.
We're weak as flies upon the wall,
But still the dream, the dream lives on !

MORRIS ROSENFELD.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

THE MODESTY OF OUR SAGES

ONCE upon a time Rabbi Gamliel and Rabbi Joshua went to sea; the former providing himself with biscuits, whilst the latter took also in addition a large quantity of flour with him. Being questioned as to the reason of providing himself with such a quantity of provisions, Rabbi Joshua answered: "There is a star which appears on the horizon only once in seventy years; it misleads the sailor, and the time of its appearance is just now due." Astonished at the astronomical knowledge of Rabbi Joshua, Rabbi Gamliel inquired: "How is it that being possessed of such vast learning, you are nevertheless compelled to seek for a livelihood upon these dangerous paths?" "You feel surprised at my circumstances," replied Rabbi Joshua; "you had better express your astonishment at the two learned men on the Continent, Rabbi Elieser, son of Hasma, and Rabbi Johanan, son of Godgada, who are capable of calculating every drop the ocean contains, and yet they have hardly sufficient of the common necessities of life." When afterwards Rabbi Gamliel sent for these two learned men, in order to put an end to their temporal wants by investing them with office, both of them declined

The Modesty of Our Sages

the kind offer. Rabbi Gamliel had to send a message a second time, accompanied by these words: "Do not believe that I bestow upon you dominion; no such thing, for I merely impose upon you a task." Whether they complied with the second call the Talmud does not state.

TALMUD.

STANZAS FROM "RABBI BEN EZRA"

I.

GROW old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, " A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be
afraid !"

* * * * *

V.

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe.

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe !

Stanzas from "Rabbi Ben Ezra"

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
the scale.

* * * * *

XII.

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
"I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the
germ.

Stanzas from " Rabbi Ben Ezra "

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold.
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

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XXII.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul
believe?

Stanzas from "Rabbi Ben Ezra"

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
trice:

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped.

* * * * *

Stanzas from " Rabbi Ben Ezra "

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same !

ROBERT BROWNING.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET

IT is not good to be an only son, to be fretted over by father and mother—to be the only one left out of seven. Don't stand here. Don't go there. Don't drink that. Don't eat the other. Cover up your throat. Hide your hands. Ah, it is not good—not good at all to be an only son, and a rich man's son into the bargain. My father is a money-changer. He goes about amongst the shopkeepers with a bag of money, changing copper for silver, and silver for copper. That is why his fingers are always black, and his nails broken. He works very hard. Each day, when he comes home, he is tired and broken down. "I have no feet," he complains to mother. "I have no feet, not even the sign of a foot." No feet? It may be. But for that again he has a fine business. That's what the people say. And they envy us that we have a good business. Mother is satisfied. So am I. "We shall have a Passover, this year; may all the children of Israel have the like, Father in Heaven!"

That's what my mother said, thanking God, for the good Passover. And I also was thankful. But shall we ever live to see it—this same Passover?

Passover has come at last—the dear sweet Pass-

Elijah the Prophet

over. I was dressed as befitted the son of a man of wealth, like a young prince. But what was the consequence? I was not allowed to play, or run about, lest I caught cold. I must not play with poor children. I was a wealthy man's boy. Such nice clothes, and I had no one to show them off before. I had a pocketful of nuts, and no one to play with.

It is not good to be an only child, and fretted over—the only one left out of seven, and a wealthy man's son into the bargain.

My father put on his best clothes, and went off to the synagogue. Said my mother to me: "Do you know what? Lie down and have a sleep. You will then be able to sit up at the *Seder* and ask the 'four questions'!" Was I mad? Would I go asleep before the *Seder*?

"Remember, you must not sleep at the *Seder*. If you do, Elijah the Prophet will come with a bag on his shoulders. On the two first nights of Pass-over, Elijah the Prophet goes about looking for those who have fallen asleep at the *Seder*, and takes them away in his bag." . . . Ha ha! Will I fall asleep at the *Seder*? I? Not even if it were to last the whole night through, or even to broad daylight. "What happened last year, mother?" "Last year you fell asleep, soon after the first blessing." "Why did Elijah the Prophet not come then with his bag?" "Then you were very small.

Elijah the Prophet

now you are big. To-night you must ask father the 'four questions.' To-night you must say with father, 'Slaves were we.' To-night you must eat with us fish and soup and *Matzo*-balls. Hush, here is father, back from the synagogue."

"Good 'Yom-tov'!"

"Good 'Yom-tov'!"

Thank God, father made the blessing over wine. I, too. Father drank the cup full of wine. So did I, a cup full, to the very dregs. "See, to the dregs!" said mother to father. To me she said: "A full cup of wine! You will drop off to sleep." Ha ha! will I fall asleep? Not even if we are to sit up all the night, or even to broad daylight. "Well," said my father, "how are you going to ask the 'four questions'?" How will you recite *Haggadah*? How will you sing with me—"Slaves were we"? My mother never took her eyes off me. She smiled and said: "You will fall asleep—fast asleep." "Oh, mother, mother, if you had eighteen heads, you would surely fall asleep, if someone sat opposite you, and sang in your ears: "Fall asleep, fall asleep!"

Of course I fell asleep.

I fell asleep, and dreamt that my father was already saying: "Pour out thy wrath." My mother herself got up from the table, and went to open the door to welcome Elijah the Prophet. It would be a fine thing if Elijah the Prophet did come, as my mother had said, with a bag on his

Elijah the Prophet

shoulders, and if he said to me: "Come, boy." And who else would be to blame for this but my mother with her "Fall asleep, fall asleep"? And as I was thinking these thoughts, I heard the creaking of the door. My father stood up and cried: "Blessed art thou who comest in the name of the Eternal." I looked towards the door. Yes, it was he. He came in so slowly and so softly that one scarcely heard him. He was a handsome man, Elijah the Prophet—an old man with a long grizzled beard reaching to his knees. His face was yellow and wrinkled, but it was handsome and kindly without end. And his eyes! Oh, what eyes! Kind, soft, joyous, loving, faithful eyes. He was bent in two, and leaned on a big, big stick. He had a bag on his shoulders. And silently, softly, he came straight to me.

"Now, little boy, get into my bag, and come." So said to me the old man, but in a kind voice, and softly and sweetly.

I asked him "Where to?" and he replied: "You will see later." I did not want to go, and he said to me again: "Come." And I began to argue with him. "How can I go with you when I am a wealthy's man's son?" Said he to me: "And as a wealthy man's son, of what great value are you?" Said I: "I am the only child of my father and mother." Said he: "To me you are not an only child!" Said I: "I am fretted over. If

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they find that I am gone, they will not get over it, they will die, especially my mother." He looked at me, the old man did, very kindly, and he said to me, softly and sweetly as before: "If you do not want to die, then come with me. Say good-bye to your father and mother, and come." "But how can I come when I am an only child, the only one left alive out of seven?"

Then he said to me more sternly: "For the last time, little boy. Choose one of the two. Either you say good-bye to your father and mother, and come with me, or you remain here, but fast asleep for ever and ever."

Having said these words, he stepped back from me a little, and was turning to the door. What was to be done? To go with the old man God knows where, and get lost, would mean the death of my father and mother. I am an only child, the only one left alive out of seven. To remain here, and fall asleep for ever and ever—that would mean that I myself must die.

I stretched out my hand to him, and with tears in my eyes I said "Elijah the Prophet, dear, kind, loving, darling Elijah, give me one minute to think." He turned towards me his handsome, yellow, wrinkled old face with its grizzled beard reaching to his knees, and he looked at me with his beautiful, kind, loving, faithful eyes, and he said to me with a smile: "I will give you one

Elijah the Prophet

minute to decide, my child—but, no more than one minute.”

* * * * *

I ask you. “What should I have decided to do in that one minute, so as to save myself from going with the old man, and also to save myself from falling asleep for ever? Well, who can guess?”

SHALOM ALEICHEM.

Translated from the Yiddish by Hannah Berman.

FROM ME TO THEE

CHILDREN'S HYMN

MY glad heart gives thanks to Thee,
Lord, our Lord;
My full heart would say to Thee
Some sweet word.

All I have Thou givest me;
I can give
Only praise that sings in me
While I live.

Let it but seem good to Thee
When I pray,
When my song comes in to Thee
Day by day.

Thou wilt take the song from me,
Lord above,
My small song sent forth from me,
Made of love.

Great glad songs go up to Thee,
God, most dear—
Worlds of song—yet this from me
Thou wilt hear.

NINA SALAMAN.

THE KING OF KINGS

THE King of Syria, at war with the King of Egypt, having conquered Palestine, became sole ruler of that country, for after the return of the Babylonian captivity the strife between the two countries continued, and only by paying tribute the people of Palestine were permitted to carry on their worship, and to serve the invisible God.

Thus, the King of Syria one day requested the high priest to relate to him the wondrous powers of his God, and then remarked: "I honour your God, because I am told that He is great and mighty, but as He has allowed me to vanquish His people, I believe that my power cannot be altogether deficient, and therefore I deserve honour as well. I shall order a great feast in order to convince your God of my esteem, and I invite Him to be my guest on the occasion, and as I am sure that no one would decline my invitation, I hope you will not fail to attend to my commands, otherwise I shall hold you and your people responsible for the consequence." The high priest, who had no chance to make a reply, raised his eyes on high to offer up a fervent prayer for the preservation of his people.

The King of Kings

Everything was now got ready; great preparations were made in the palace garden adjacent to the seashore, where numberless tents, tables, chairs and all other necessities had been arranged, whilst a variety of viands and luxuries were not wanting. When all was completed, the king informed the high priest that he and his guests were ready to receive his God, to which the high priest, who was occupied in prayer, made no reply. But amidst the festivities, made brilliant by splendid sunshine there arose on a sudden a slight breeze, which gradually increased until the wind blew with some violence, and all at once a gust came, carrying away tents, tables, chairs, and all the remaining portion of the preparations, sweeping them clear into the sea, the waters of which soon covered them. The king trembled and inquired of the high priest the cause of this phenomenon. The high priest answered: "My God is approaching; His servant, the wind, has just arrived in order to clear the place for his Almighty Master." The king grew pale, and fearing another gust would perhaps sweep him and his guests away, quickly replied: "Never mind. Your God need not come, for if the power of the servant is so great, what must be that of the Master?"

TALMUD.

THE GIVING OF THE LAW

WHEN the Holy One came to give life, to
 reveal the great light of His Law,
All His wonder of worlds grew silent in sudden,
 unspeakable awe,
More tense than the stillness ere dawn riseth up
 in a burst of gold,
Every quiver and pulse, every breath of the world
 caught fast in His hold.
No twitter of bird, no soaring of wings made stir
 in the air,
And the oxen that lowed from the fields were mute
 as if death passed there;
And in Heaven the Ophanim paused in their flight
 through the limitless space,
And the Seraphim, singing Thrice Holy, grew still
 in their glorious place.
Full of the storm and the swell of the tide, an im-
 movable sea
Lay dumb with the hushing of lips, with a pausing
 eternity;
Till the life-giving voice should thrill, and the
 imminent call be heard,
A marvel, absorbing the sound of all spheres, the
 Ineffable Word;

The Giving of the Law

Until God in His wonder of worlds, the Holy One,
blessed be He,
Should set His creation athrob with the light and
the life to be.
Lo! who could endure to stand on the terrible
day when He came,
In a universe full of His voice, grown thundrous
with sound of His Name?
Lo! He struck the high seas with terror, He saw
the mountains quake,
And the stars in His heaven paled, "and my soul
went forth when He spake."
And from stars to the shaken earth where the
trembling footsteps trod,
One voice fell—One, tremendous: I AM THE
LORD THY GOD.

NINA SALAMAN.

Adapted from Midrash Rabbah on Shavuoth.

THE DEATH OF MOSES

IN the hour when the Holy One, blessed be He, said unto Moses, "Get thee up into this mountain . . . and die," "Now," thought the Angel of Death, "hath the Holy One given me dominion over the soul of Moses." And he appeared and stood before him.

Then spake Moses: "The Holy One, blessed be He, hath promised me that He will not give me over into thine hand."

But the Angel answered: "The Holy One, blessed be He, hath sent me unto thee; for thou shalt pass away this day."

And Moses said unto him: "Get thee hence, for I seek to extol the Holy One. 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"Why vaunt thyself?" spake the Angel. "There be others to sing His praises. Lo! 'the Heavens declare the glory of God.'"

And Moses said: "The Heavens are still when I extol Him, as it is written: 'Give ear, ye Heavens, and I will speak.'"

And the Angel of Death again approached unto him, but Moses pronounced the tremendous Name,

The Death of Moses

and the Angel fled; as it is said: "For I will proclaim the Name of the Lord."

Once more the Angel of Death drew nigh. Then thought Moses: "It may be that he cometh bid by Heaven, and that I must bow before the just decree. 'The Rock, His work is perfect.'"

And the soul of Moses wrestled to go forth; but he restrained her, saying: "O my soul! what sayest thou? for the Angel of Death seeketh to gain dominion over thee."

And she spake: "It cannot be. For the Holy One, blessed be He, hath promised me that He will not give me over into the hand of Death."

"Nay, but thou sayest thou hast seen the people weeping, and thou didst weep with them."

And she said: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears——"

"But thou fearest to be thrust unto the grave?"

Yet she said: "—and my feet from falling."

And of his soul he asked: "Whither wilt thou take thy flight in realms unknown?"

And she answered: "I shall walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

When Moses heard these words, he said unto her: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

And as he passed away, a voice went up from earth: "Moses commanded us a Law, an inheritance for the assembly of Jacob."

The Death of Moses

And the Heavens answered: "He executed the justice of the Lord, and His judgments with Israel."

Yea, the Holy One, blessed be He, Himself in His Glory proclaimed his praise: "And there hath not arisen a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses."

MIDRASH TANHUMA.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

A RABBI'S SAYINGS

RABBI NEHANIA was asked by one of his disciples which were the virtues he had found most precious during the long life granted unto him.

The Rabbi answered: "I never ventured to degrade my associates for the purpose of advancing my own honour; a wrong done me never went to bed with me; with my wealth I dealt liberally.

"The first I acquired from another learned man, who was one evening returning from his fields with a hatchet on his shoulder, when a friend of his tried to take it from him in order to carry it in his stead. The other, however, prevented him, and said, 'If you are used to carry such implements, I am willing to submit to it, but if it is not your habit to do so, then I do not wish to procure any honour at the price of thy degradation.'

"The second one, my friend, Mar Sotra, taught me, who prayed every night on going to bed: 'My God, pardon all those who have done me wrong.'

"The third virtue I derived from Job, who, whenever he engaged labourers to do some work for him, increased, of his own accord, their small wages, although their pay had previously been agreed upon."

TALMUD.

SHIMMELÉ PRAYS

* * * * *

IN the dusk of that day the first stone crashed through a window in the Jews' street, and on the site of the old gates was found a placard bearing in red letters the words: "Death to the Jews!"

The Gass was dumb, stricken with dismay. A deputation was sent to the *Burgermeister*; another to the Rabbi. Both returned with comforting messages. But in the street stood white-faced groups.

"Are we living in the Middle Ages?" cried the younger people. "We now stand equal to any, under the protection of the Emperor and the law. Let them just dare!"

"Nay, let us go home and keep the peace," cried the older ones.

The people went home, but not to their beds, and they sat white-faced and leaden-hearted, watching and praying for the end of a night that had just begun.

In Maryam's house, too, all was dark and still. Maryam had put Shimmelé to bed, and was talking quietly with her son, blind Yossef, who happened to be in the village.

"Bah, what is there to fear?" said Maryam

Shimmelé Prays

bravely, though her face was white and troubled. "A lot of street loafers who torture little children! But to-morrow, God willing, thou wilt take Shimmelé back to the farm. It is no longer pleasant here in Maritz."

"The world," said Yossef musingly, "reminds me of one of those deceiving wood-apples. They look nice and red, but bite into it, and it is bitter as gall, because it is not ripe. Yes, the world, too, on the surface may look fair and pleasant, but it is not ripe—nay, the world is not yet ripe."

"Vetterl," came a small voice from the bed, "what dost mean—the world is not ripe?"

"Why art not sleeping, Shimmelé?" said Maryam. "It is time that thou shouldst sleep."

"Please, Vetterl, what does that mean?"

"Sleep, Shimmelé—to-morrow is also a day; to-morrow I shall tell thee."

Alas for Shimmelé—that to-morrow never came, and never did Yossef explain. It was life and time, it was bitter sorrow and a hard futile struggle, that at last made clear to Shimmelé what Yossef meant when he said, "The world is not yet ripe."

An hour before midnight a man came tearing through the Gass, crying:

"Run, run for your lives!"

"What is the matter?" cried Maryam from her doorway.

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“They are upon us with clubs and axes. Run ! Save yourselves !”

At almost the same moment a roar of mingled shouts broke over the north end of the street.

In a flash the whole Gass was a chaos of shrieking, crying, fleeing humanity. The Jews, with their children clinging to their breasts and backs, fled like hunted game into the woods and thickets, while the howling mob stormed their houses, loaded their women and children with linen and china and household goods, and broke and burned what they could not carry away. Wherever they found beer or wine they drank deeply for new courage; wherever they met with resistance, they beat about them murderously. O pity them, you who read. Pity them; not alone the poor Jews, fleeing wildly for their lives, but this maddened, raging mob. They, too, are victims, these drunken brutes; victims of bigotry and corruption, of ignorance and envy and hate. The Jews will crawl back to the ruins of their homes, and on the smouldering ash-heap sleep the sleep of the innocent. But these poor beasts—not until the great leveller Time will have moulded their flesh with the dust, not till then will their hands be washed clean of the stain of innocent human blood.

With the first shout of the mob Yossef had leaped to his feet and barricaded the door with Maryam's large baking-table and the heavy wooden settle.

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There he stood immovable, leaning his giant strength against the door, while Maryam spoke soothing, reassuring words to him.

“They will not harm us—they are after plunder—all know me and that I have nothing.”

The noises of the mob grew louder; now the crackling of their bonfires could clearly be heard.

A shower of stones crashing through the windows announced their arrival at Maryam's house.

Maryam snatched Shimmelé from the bed, and fled with him behind the shelter of the large oven, where she covered him with her body. Yossef remained guarding the door, upon which followed a fierce cannonade of blows and a demand for entrance.

He leaned his great strength forward, but a heavy iron bar, wielded like a ramrod, shattered the old pine boards like glass, and sent him staggering into the room. A red, smoky glare of pitch-torches poured upon the darkness, and danced on a mass of wild, red-eyed faces, which filled the open door-frame.

Maryam leaped from her refuge to Yossef's side, crying to the leader of the mob:

“What do you want of me, smith? You know I have nothing.”

The smith so far recovered his sanity to remember that Maryam, not many months before, had saved the life of his youngest child, when it was dying of croup.

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"Come away, fellows," he said; "it's the old baker-woman—she has nothing."

"The witch's kitchen where they bake with Christian blood," cried the mob.

Just then a glint from one of the torches leaped into the polished mirror of Maryam's *Kiddush* cup, standing in its lonely grandeur on the shelf. Alas for Maryam's proud emblem—Reb Hayim's symbol of joy and hope for the Jew*—it threw back the gleam into the raider's eye, and:

"Silver!" he cried. "Thou liar, smith, I see silver."

"Back!" cried Yossef as the rabble pushed forward. He grasped the heavy settle to strike, but a dozen iron hands clutched it firmly. A black, vicious rod leapt in air.

"Mercy!" shrieked Maryam. "He is blind."

Then followed a thud as of falling logs, a mad whirl of stamping and crashing and yelling.

Suddenly from without there came cries of "The *gendarmes*—the *gendarmes*!" and quickly the hungry maw of the night sucked in the struggling horde. Like a madly whirling cyclone tearing across the prairie it had raged in the room but a moment, and fled as quickly, leaving wreck and ruin and death behind.

There was a loud clatter of hoof-beats and clank

* The *Kiddush* (Sanctification) cup had been given to Reb Hayim, Maryam's father, by a Christian officer whose life he had saved.—
[EDITOR.]

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of swords without—men, women, and children with arms full of plunder went scurrying in all directions. Then followed sudden peace—and the Gass, too, was silent and empty.

Through all the turmoil Shimmelé had been as one paralysed. He still crouched in his corner behind the stove, stunned with horror, glaring wide-eyed into the black void of the night.

He strained his ears for a familiar sound. There was nothing save a strange hissing. It was but the cry of the drowning flames, where the soldiers were extinguishing the fires. A weird, regular clank-clank, growing first, then fading, filled out the fearful stillness. It was but the hoof-beat of the sentinel's horse patrolling the silent street.

The world seemed dead and mute save for his own leaden heart-beats.

Where was Babé Maryam—where, Vetter Yossef? No one spoke. Had they fallen asleep, or been swept out with the mob?

“Babelé,” whispered Shimmelé. Nothing answered.

“Yossef—little uncle——” Only silence.

The night wind blew in through the broken panes and the empty frame where hung the wreck of the door.

Shimmelé quaked with cold and tearless terror.

“Babelé—my Babelé!”

“Oh—little uncle!”

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He rose to his feet, and stretched out his hands in the darkness. A cold, hard something reached out and touched him ghostily. He shrank back into his corner chattering with terror.

The silence grew more dense; the sentinel ceased his rounds, a fine rain began to fall softly from the sky, as if nature wept or strove to wash away the ghastly bloodstain from its face.

O the night, the endless night! O the black, ghastly, whispering horror of the night! . . .

At last—at last the ashen pall of death spread over the face of darkness; far in the east a faint bloom of rose was born, growing ever bright and brighter, as if feeding on the decay of the night. It was morning. Shimmelé saw the outlines of the room take gradual shape. Near him lay the overturned table whose outstretched legs had touched him ghostily in the dark; furniture, clothes, crockery, lay a scattered wreck together; the poor little treasure of Maryam's *kist*, her sweet white linen, lay torn and trampled where the raiders had dropped it in their flight, and near the door—a ghostly something. No, no, he could not look, and shaking as with palsy he buried his face in his hands.

There was a sound as of fleet, slinking footsteps, a human being—help—a friend; he rushed to the window. There was nothing—only the pink morning and the wreck of the Gass. Near the window lay the charred, smouldering heap of a bonfire;

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blackened remnants of tables, beds, and chairs, and towering above all, still lordly in its ruin, Reb Noach's half-burnt *fauteuil*. A twittering in the old nut-tree drew his eyes upward, and there they lingered, for in the night the first stirring of spring had breathed over the Gass, and gathered like a hoar-frost on the wide branches of the tree, dusting them lightly as with a coat of faintest green. The sparrows in its boughs chirped of nest-building. One of them flew down, and selecting a straw, laid therewith the foundation of his house. Shimmelé saw that the straw was a bit of tumbled wisp, bulging out of a little torn bed-tick, which lay near a half-charred cradle, and recognised both as Belé Loser's—her little black cradle, which he had never seen when it did not hold a baby. How empty was the world, how silent, how strange!

A distant sound of knocking reminded him of Eisak Schulklopper.

"If my Babelé were not lying there so cold and stiff, on the floor," he thought, "she would be at my bedside, saying, 'Shimmelé, my life, come, get up—it's time for prayers.'"

Then Shimmelé remembered God. He turned to where those silent forms lay side by side, Maryam's withered hand on Yossef's breast, where she had raised it to shield him. He did not weep, he was stunned and dumb. With a fine, deep instinct, feeling that he must hide those dear, dead forms

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from the cruel, searching light of day, he covered them with a sheet—Yossef tenderly—he was used to being taken care of by Shimmelé; Maryam with almost a sense of shame—Maryam the strong, the helpful, the self-reliant. She would have chafed, had she known how she lay there, a helpless clod, on the floor.

Then he washed and dressed himself neatly, as he knew his grandmother would have wished it; covered his head with his little velvet cap, and found Maryam's old black *Siddur* (prayer-book). It was too large for his small hands to grasp; so he held it in his outstretched arms as though it were an infant, and turning his face away from the wreck of the dear *Backstüb*, away from the horror of those still sheeted forms, he lifted his eyes to the East, towards Zion, the Hope, the Joyous, whence glowed the rosy dawn of a sweet spring day, and began his morning prayer:

“The Lord of the Universe—He it is who reigned before any being was created,” he prayed, and at last the deep well of his great woe overflowed. Shimmelé wept. His tears flowed in swift rills upon the old yellow pages of Maryam's prayer-book.

“Though all the Universe should vanish, He alone would remain, the mighty Ruler. . . . He is One, and there is none beside. The Lord is my living Redeemer, my Rock in time of affliction. Into His hands I commit my spirit. God is with me, what shall I fear——” sobbed Shimmelé.

MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN.

HATIKVAH*

WHILE ever yet unchanged within his breast,
The inmost heart of Israel yearns,
And seeking still the borders of the East,
His loving gaze to Zion turns—

So long our hope will never die,
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,
Back to our fathers' land to fly,
Home to the height where David dwelt.

2.

While yet our eyes have never ceased to flow
With tears like Heaven's plenteous rain,
And tens of thousands of our people go
To find the fathers' graves again—

So long our hope, etc.

3.

And while one wall of all our soul held dear
Yet looms erect before our eyes,
And on our sacred ruin still one tear
Is shed beneath the watchful skies—

So long our hope, etc.

* The Hope.

Hatikvah

4.

While yet the Jordan's waters proud and free
Flow o'er his banks and forward bound,
And fall into the sea of Galilee
With storm and crash of mighty sound—
So long our hope, etc.

5.

While yet along the ways one stricken gate
Its guardianship of ruin keeps,
And 'mid Jerusalem all desolate
Still Zion's daughter sits and weeps—
So long our hope, etc.

6.

While yet from out the fountain of her eyes
The crystal stream of tears is drawn,
And at the midnight hour doth she arise
To weep for Zion ere the dawn—
So long our hope, etc.

7.

While yet our blood through every glowing vein
Flows back and forth in fiery waves,
And still the evening dew in gentle rain
Is falling on our fathers' graves—
So long our hope, etc.

Hatikvah

8.

And while the passion for his ancient race
In Israel's heart is beating yet,
We still can hope that God will show us grace
And in His love His wrath forget.

So long our hope, etc.

9.

Hearken, O brothers, when our prophets call,
Where you in lands of darkness grope,
For when the last of Israel's sons shall fall,
Only with him shall fall our Hope.

So long our hope will never die,
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,
Back to our fathers' land to fly,
Home to the height where David dwelt.

N. H. IMBER.

Translated from the Hebrew by Nina Salaman.

THE TABERNACLE

THERE are people who have never been taught anything, and know everything, have never been anywhere, and understand everything, have never given a moment's thought to anything, and comprehend everything.

"Blessed hands" is the name bestowed on these fortunate beings. The world envies, honours, and respects them.

There was such a man in our town Kassrillevka. They called him Moshé-for-once, because, whatever he heard or saw or made, he exclaimed:

"It is such and such a thing for once."

A new cantor in the synagogue—he is a cantor for once.

Someone is carrying a turkey for the Passover—it is a turkey for once.

"There will be a fine frost to-morrow."

"A fine frost for once."

"There were blows exchanged at the meeting."

"Good blows for once."

"O, Jews, I am a poor man."

"A poor man for once."

And so of everything.

Moshé was a—I cannot tell you what Moshé was. ▸

The Tabernacle

He was a Jew, but what he lived by it would be hard to say. He lived as many thousands of Jews live in Kassrillevka—tens of thousands. He hovered around the overlord. That is, not the overlord himself, but the gentlefolks that were with the overlord. And not around the gentlefolks themselves, but around the Jews that hovered around the gentlefolks that were with the overlord. And if he made a living—that is another story. Moshé-for-once was a man who hated to boast of his good fortune, or to bemoan his ill fortune. He was always jolly. His cheeks were always red. One end of his moustache was longer than the other. His hat was always on one side of his head; and his eyes were always smiling and kindly. He never had any time, but was always ready to walk ten miles to do anyone a favour.

That's the sort of man Moshé-for-once was.

* * * *

There wasn't a thing in the world Moshé-for-once could not make—a house, or a clock, or a machine, a lamp, a spinning-top, a tap, a mirror, a cage, and what not.

True, no one could point to the houses, the clocks, or the machines that came from his hands, but everyone was satisfied Moshé could make them. Everyone said that, if need be, Moshé could turn the world upside down. The misfortune was that he had no tools. I mean the contrary.

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That was his good fortune. Through this, the world was not turned upside down. That is, the world remained a world.

That Moshé was not torn to pieces was a miracle. When a lock went wrong they came to Moshé. When the clock stopped, or the tap of the *samovar* went out of order, or there appeared in the house blackbeetles, or bugs, or other filthy creatures, it was always Moshé who was consulted. Or when a fox came and choked the fowls, whose advice was asked? It was always and ever Moshé-for-once.

True, the broken lock was thrown away, the clock had to be sent to a watchmaker, and the *samovar* to the copper-smith. The blackbeetles and bugs and other filthy things were not at all frightened of Moshé. And the fox went on doing what a fox ought to do. But Moshé-for-once still remained the same Moshé-for-once he had been. After all, he had blessed hands; and no doubt he had something in him. A world cannot be mad. In proof of this, why do the people not come to you or me with their broken locks, or broken clocks, or for advice how to get rid of foxes, or blackbeetles and bugs, and other filthy things? All the people in the world are not the same. And it appears that talent is rare.

* * * * *

We became very near neighbours with this Moshé-for-once. We lived in the same house with him,

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under the one roof. I say became, because, before that, we lived in our own house. The wheels of fortune suddenly turned round for us. Times grew bad. We did not wish to be a burden to anyone. We sold our house, paid our debts, and moved into Hershke Mamtzes' house. It was an old ruin, without a garden, without a yard, without a paling, without a body, and without life.

"Well, it's a hut," said my mother, pretending to be merry. But I saw tears in her eyes.

"Do not sin," said my father, who was black as the earth. "Thank God for this."

Why for "this" I do not know. Perhaps because we were not living in the street. I would rather have lived in the street than in this house, with strange boys and girls whom I did not know, nor wish to know, with their yellow hair and their running noses, with their thin legs and fat bellies. When they walked they waddled like ducks. They did nothing but eat, and when anyone else was eating, they stared right into his mouth.

I was very angry with the Lord for having taken our house from us. I was not so sorry for the house as for the Tabernacle we had there. It stood from year to year. It had a roof that could be raised and lowered, and a beautiful carved ceiling of green and yellow boards, made into squares with a "Shield of David" in the middle. True, kind friends told us to hope on, for we should one day buy the house

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back, or the Lord would help us to build another, and a better, and a bigger and a handsomer house than the one we had had to sell. But all this was cold comfort to us. I heard the same sort of word when I broke my tin watch, accidentally, of course, into fragments. My mother smacked me, and my father wiped my eyes, and promised to buy me a better and bigger and handsomer watch than the one I broke. But the more my father praised the watch he was going to buy for me, the more I cried for the other, the old watch. When my father was not looking, my mother wept silently for the old house. And my father sighed and groaned. A black cloud settled on his face and his big white forehead was covered with wrinkles.

I thought it was very wrong of the Father of the Universe to have taken our house from us.

* * * * *

“I ask you—may your health increase!—what are we going to do with a Tabernacle?” asked my mother of my father some time before the Feast of Tabernacles.

“You probably mean to ask what are we going to do without a Tabernacle?” replied my father, attempting to jest. I saw that he was distressed. He turned away to one side, so that we might not see his face, which was covered with a thick black cloud. My mother blew her nose to swallow her tears. And I, looking at them . . .

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Suddenly my father turned to us with a lively expression on his face.

"Hush! We have here a neighbour called Moshé."

"Moshé-for-once?" asked my mother. And I do not know whether she was making fun or was in earnest. It seemed she was in earnest, for, half an hour later, the three were going about the house—father, Moshé, and Hershke Mamtzes, our landlord—looking for a spot on which to erect a Tabernacle.

* * * * *

Hershke Mamtzes' house was all right. It had only one fault. It stood on the street, and had not a scrap of yard. It looked as if it had been lost in the middle of the road. Somebody was walking along and lost a house, without a yard, without a roof, the door on the other side of the street, like a coat with the waist in front and the buttons underneath. If you talk to Hershke, he will bore you to death about his house. He will tell you how he came by it, how they wanted to take it from him, and how he fought for it, until it remained with him.

"Where do you intend to erect the Tabernacle, 'Reb' Moshé?" asked father of Moshé-for-once. And Moshé-for-once, his hat on the back of his head, was lost in thought, as if he were a great architect formulating a big plan. He pointed with his hand from here to there, and from there to here. He

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tried to make us understand that if the house were not standing in the middle of the street, and if it had had a yard, we would have had two walls ready made, and he could have built us a tabernacle in a day. Why do I say in a day? In an hour. But since the house had no yard, and we needed four walls, the Tabernacle would take a little longer to build. But for that, again, we would have a Tabernacle for once. The main thing was to get the material.

"There will be materials. Have you the tools?" asked Hershke.

"The tools will be found. Have you the timber?" asked Moshé.

"There is timber. Have you the nails?" asked Hershke.

"Nails can be got. Have you the fir-boughs?" asked Moshé.

"Somehow, you are little too so-so to-day," said Hershke.

"A little too what?" asked Moshé. They looked each other straight in the eyes, and both burst out laughing.

* * * * *

When Hershke Mamtzes brought the first few boards and beams, Moshé said that, please God, it would be a Tabernacle for once. I wondered how he was going to make a Tabernacle out of the few boards and beams. I begged of my mother to

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let me stand by whilst Moshé was working. And Moshé not only let me stand by him, but even let me be his assistant. I was to hand him what he wanted, and hold things for him.

Of course this put me into the seventh heaven of delight. Was it a trifle to help build the Tabernacle? I was of great assistance to Moshé. I moved my lips when he hammered; went for meals when he went; shouted at the other children not to hinder us; handed Moshé the hammer when he wanted the chisel and the pincers when he wanted a nail. Any other man would have thrown the hammer or pincers at my head for such help, but Moshé-for-
once had no temper. No one had ever had the privilege of seeing him angry.

“Anger is a sinful thing. It does as little good as any sin.”

And because I was greatly absorbed in the work, I did not notice how and by what miracle the Tabernacle came into being.

“Come and see the Tabernacle we have built,” I said to father, and dragged him out of the house by the tails of his coat. My father was delighted with our work. He looked at Moshé with a smile, and said, pointing to me:

“Had you at any rate a little help from him?”

“It was a help, for once,” replied Moshé, looking up at the roof of the Tabernacle with anxious eyes.

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“If only our Hershke brings us the fir-boughs, it will be a Tabernacle for once.”

* * * * *

Hershke Mamtzes worried us about the fir-boughs. He put off going for them from day to day. The day before the Festival he went off and brought back a cart-load of thin sticks, a sort of weed, such as grow on the banks of the river. And we began to cover the Tabernacle. That is to say, Moshé did the work, and I helped him by driving off the goats which had gathered around the fir-boughs, as if they were something worth while. I do not know what taste they found in the bitter green stalks.

Because the house stood alone, in the middle of the street, there was no getting rid of the goats. If you drove one off another came up. The second was only just got rid off, when the first sprang up again. I drove them off with sticks.

“Get out of this. Are you here again, foolish goats? Get off.”

The devil knows how they found out we had green fir-boughs. It seems they told one another, because there gathered around us all the goats of the town. And I, all alone, had to do battle with them.

The Lord helped us, and we had all the fir-boughs on the roof. The goats remained standing around us like fools. They looked up with foolish eyes,

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and stupidly chewed the cud. I had my revenge of them, and I said to them:

“Why don’t you take the fir-boughs now, foolish goats?”

They must have understood me, for they began to go off, one by one, in search of something to eat. And we began to decorate the Tabernacle from the inside. First of all, we strewed the floor with sand; then we hung on the walls all the wadded quilts belonging to the neighbours. Where there was no wadded quilt, there hung a shawl, and where there was no shawl, there was a sheet or a tablecloth. Then we brought out all the chairs and tables, the candle-sticks and candles, the plates and knives and forks and spoons. And each of the three women of the house made the blessing over her own candles for the Feast of Tabernacles.

* * * * *

My mother—peace be unto her!—was a woman who loved to weep. The Days of Mourning were her Days of Rejoicing. And since we had lost our own house, her eyes were not dry for a single minute. My father, though he also fretted, did not like this. He told her to fear the Lord, and not sin. There were worse circumstances than ours, thank God. But now, in the Tabernacle, when she was blessing the Festival candles, she could cover her face with her hands and weep in silence without anyone knowing it. But I was not

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to be fooled. I could see her shoulders heaving, and the tears trickling through her thin white fingers. And I even knew what she was weeping for. . . . It was well for her that father was getting ready to go to synagogue, putting on his Sabbath coat, that was tattered but was still made of silk, and his plaited silk girdle. He thrust his hands into his girdle, and said to me, sighing deeply:

“Come, let us go. It is time we went to synagogue to pray.”

I took the prayer-books, and we went off. Mother remained at home to pray. I knew what she would do—weep. She might weep as much as she liked, for she would be alone. And it was so. When we came back, and entered the Tabernacle, and father started to make the blessing over the wine, I looked into her eyes, and they were red and had swollen lids. . . . Nevertheless, she was to me beautiful as Rachel or Abigail, or the Queen of Sheba, or Queen Esther. Looking at her, I was reminded of all our beautiful Jewish women with whom I had just become acquainted at *Heder*. And looking at my mother with her lovely face that looked lovelier above the lovely silk shawl she wore, with her large, beautiful, careworn eyes, my heart was filled with pain that such lovely eyes should be tear-stained always—that such lovely white hands should have to bake and cook. And I was angry with the Lord because He did not give

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us a lot of money. And I prayed to the Lord to destine me to find a treasure of gold and diamonds and brilliants. Or let the Messiah come, and we would go back to the Land of Israel, where we should all be happy.

This was what I thought. And my imagination carried me far, far away, to my golden dreams that I would not exchange for all the money in the world. And the beautiful Festival prayers, sung by my father in his softest and most melodious voice, rang in my ears:

"Thou hast chosen us above all peoples;
Us hast Thou chosen
Of all the nations."

Is it a trifle to be God's chosen people? To be God's only child? My heart was glad for the happy chosen people. And I imagined I was a prince. Yes, a prince. And the Tabernacle was a palace. The Divine Holiness rested on it. My mother was the beautiful daughter of Jerusalem, the Queen of Sheba. And on the morrow we would make the blessing over the most beautiful fruit in the world—the citron. Ah, who could compare with me? Who could compare with me?

* * * * *

After father, Moshé-for-once pronounced the blessing over the wine. It was not the same blessing as my father's—but, really not. After him, the

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landlord, Hershke Mamtzes, pronounced the blessing over the wine. He was a commonplace man, and it was a commonplace blessing. We went to wash our hands, and we pronounced the blessing over the bread. And each of the three women brought out the food for her family—fine, fresh, seasoned, pleasant, fragrant fish. And each family sat around its own table. There were many dishes; a lot of people had soup; a lot of mouths were eating. A little wind blew into the Tabernacle, through the frail, thin walls and the thin roof of fir-boughs. The candles spluttered. Everyone was eating heartily the delicious Festival supper. And I imagined it was not a Tabernacle, but a palace—a great, big, brilliantly-lit-up palace. And we Jews, the chosen people, the princes, were sitting in the palace and enjoying the pleasures of life. “It is well for you, little Jews,” thought I. “No one is so well off as you. No one else is privileged to sit in such a beautiful palace, covered with green fir-boughs, strewn with yellow sand, decorated with the most beautiful tapestries in the world, on the tables the finest suppers, and real Festival fish, which is the daintiest of all dainties. And who speaks of——” Suddenly, crash! The whole roof and the fir-boughs are on our heads. One wall after the other is falling in. A goat fell from on high right on top of us. It suddenly grew pitch dark. All the candles were extinguished. All

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the tables were overturned. And we all, with the suppers and the crockery and the goat, were stretched out on the sand. The moon shone, and the stars peeped out, and the goat jumped up frightened, and stood on its thin legs, stock still, while it stared at us with foolish eyes. It soon marched off, like an insolent creature, over the tables and chairs, and over our heads, bleating "Meh-eh-eh-eh!" The candles were extinguished; the crockery smashed; the supper in the sand; and we were all frightened to death. The women were shrieking, the children crying. It was a destruction of everything—a real destruction.

* * * * *

"You built a fine Tabernacle," said Hershke Mamtzes to us in such a voice, as if we had had from him, for building the Tabernacle, goodness knows how much money. "It was a fine Tabernacle, when one goat could overthrow it."

"It was a Tabernacle for once," replied Moshé-for-once. He stood like one beaten, looking upwards, to see whence the destruction had come. "It was a Tabernacle for once."

"Yes, a Tabernacle for once," repeated Hershke Mamtzes, in a voice full of deadly venom. And every one echoed his words, all in one voice:

"A Tabernacle for once."

SHALOM ALEICHEM.

Translated from the Yiddish by Hannah Berman

THE CITY OF TRUTH

AND the word of the Lord of hosts came, saying: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: I am jealous for Zion with great jealousy, and I am jealous for her with great fury."

Thus saith the Lord: I return unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called The City of Truth; and the mountain of the Lord of hosts The Holy Mountain.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts: There shall yet old men and old women sit in the broad places of Jerusalem, every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the broad places of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the broad places thereof.

Zechariah viii. 1-5.

ZIONIST MARCHING SONG

I.

LIKE the crash of the thunder
Which splitteth asunder
The flame of the cloud,
On our ears ever falling,
A voice is heard calling
From Zion aloud:
“ Let your spirits’ desires
For the land of your sires
Eternally burn.
From the foe to deliver
Our own holy river,
To Jordan return.”
Where the soft-flowing stream
Murmurs low as in dream,
There set we our watch.
Our watchword “ The sword
Of our land and our Lord ”—
By Jordan there set we our watch.

II.

Rest in peace, lovèd land,
For we rest not, but stand,
Off shaken our sloth.

Zionist Marching Song

When the bolts of war rattle
To shirk not the battle,
We make thee our oath.
As we hope for a Heaven,
Thy chains shall be riven,
Thine ensign unfurled,
And in pride of our race
We will fearlessly face
The might of the world.
When our trumpet is blown
And our standard is flown,
Then set we our watch.
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord"—
By Jordan then set we our watch.

III.

Yea, as long as there be
Birds in air, fish in sea,
And blood in our veins;
And the lions in might,
Leaping down from the height
Shake, roaring, their manes;
And the dew nightly laves
The forgotten old graves
Where Judah's sires sleep,
We swear, who are living,
To rest not in striving,
To pause not to weep.

Zionist Marching Song

Let the trumpet be blown,
Let the standard be flown,
Now set we our watch.
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord"—
By Jordan *now* set we our watch."

N. H. IMBER.

Translated from the Hebrew by Israel Zangwill.

TWO ENGLISH VISITORS TO THE JEWS OF RUSSIA AND POLAND

I.

FEW events in the history of the Russian Jews have left more pleasing impressions than the efforts of two distinguished Englishmen on behalf of their oppressed co-religionists in that country. It is now seventy-four years ago that the Czar Nicolas I. issued an edict commanding all those living within fifty miles of the frontier to quit their homes and never return. As most of them lived on the borders of Germany and Austria, this meant complete ruin to them. In their distress they turned for help to the well-known philanthropist Sir Moses Montefiore, seeing in him the only person who might perhaps be able to influence the Czar in their favour. Sir Moses, a man ever ready to devote his life and wealth to the cause of humanity, immediately started out for Russia, being accompanied by his wife and several friends. In those days such a journey was no light undertaking. Trains and motors did not exist, and once across the Channel the whole distance from Ostend to Petrograd had to be accomplished by coach.

On his arrival he was received in a most friendly

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manner by the Czar at a special audience. Nicolas seemed surprised to find in Sir Moses a Jew with the appearance and manners of a perfect English gentleman. His own Jewish subjects were of a different type, being separated from their fellow-citizens by their language, mode of living and dress. They also did not mix with them except for business purposes. They were, however, good men, keen of intellect and hard working, good scholars who spent much time in the study of the Talmud and Bible. The Czar was anxious that they should adopt a standard of living more in consonance with Russian ideas; he therefore promised Sir Moses that he would do what he could to assist them. At the same time he begged Sir Moses to visit the large communities so that he could judge of their condition and try to use his influence with them. On leaving, the Czar shook him by the hand, saying: "I wish all my Jewish subjects were like you."

This journey of Sir Moses forms an important chapter in the history of the Russian Jews of the nineteenth century. Wherever he went he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by all the foremost men of the Hebrew communities. Though full of admiration for their knowledge of Hebrew, Bible and Talmud, he was painfully impressed by the appearance of the masses of people, as also by their peculiar dress and their inability to speak the language of the country. Dr. Loewe, a member

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of Sir Moses' party, addressed them on his behalf and used his best endeavours to try and persuade them to adopt a more modern dress and to refrain from isolating themselves so entirely from their fellow-countrymen, pointing out that it need in no way interfere with their religion. Had they not before them the example of an orthodox Jew being received as an honoured guest by the Czar?

The warmest reception of all was accorded to the party at Wilna by the grand old community known as the Lithuanian Jerusalem. All shops and schools were closed and a real holiday spirit pervaded the streets. On their arrival the enthusiastic shouts of "Baruch Habah!" from thousands of voices rent the air. With hearts filled with joy and pride the Jews looked upon this splendid man of their own race and creed. He and his party then visited the "Gross Schul," where he was called to the law. On the following day Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore attended a garden-party given by the Viceroy. Seeing them drive to the Palace, Sir Moses in sheriff's uniform and Lady Montefiore in court dress, the Jews could hardly believe that they were the same two who had stood side by side with them in their synagogue the day before. The effect of this visit of Sir Moses was truly wonderful. In a few months he accomplished what the Czar had for years been trying to achieve. The resistance of the Jews to the modern ideas was broken, and they started to

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learn the Russian language and began to adopt the Russian mode of dress. The cruel edict depriving them of their homes was revoked. The efforts of Sir Moses Montefiore had saved them, and from that time he was looked upon as the champion and help of all the oppressed Jews.

II.

The Great War was over. The Allies who fought for the rights of small nations and for the wronged and oppressed had won. Among those nations, wronged and oppressed for centuries, was Poland, but the fall of Germany and Austria and the breakdown of Russia had delivered it and restored to it its freedom and self-government. Yet what a terrible spectacle do we behold! The first act of this newly freed people is an outburst of cruelty and hatred towards its own Jewish citizens. Jews who had lived in Poland for over eight centuries, who spoke the language of the country, who had worked peacefully and fought shoulder to shoulder with the Poles during the war, now became the victims of the most horrible pogroms. Their sufferings and agony filled the whole Jewish nation with horror and indignation against the Poles. Once again the oppressed Jews turned their eyes to England for help, and again England answered to their call. A Commission was summoned, with Sir Stuart Samuel at its head, to investigate the condition of the Jews in Poland

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and to see if it were possible to ameliorate their lot. Sir Stuart's mission was much more difficult than Sir Moses Montefiore's. Though travelling was easier than formerly, the times were more dangerous, and he was regarded by all except the Jews as an intruder, and even by some as an enemy. The Polish Government naturally received the head of the English Commission with politeness, and afforded him every facility for his journeys through the country. The terrified Jews looked upon him as their champion and protector, and prayed that his influence might be great enough to save them from any further pogroms. Sir Stuart's simple manner made a deep impression on them. Whilst he was there, he did all in his power to help them, and shared their life and their sorrows. He visited the following Polish towns: Lodz, Rawa Ruska, Lemberg, Pinsk, Lida, Wilna, Warsaw, Krakow, and Brest Litowsk. He was continually besieged by Jews who came imploring his protection and support. Sir Stuart's unaffected manner and strict observance of Jewish laws won him all hearts. Paderewski, the Polish President, invited him to luncheon, when a *kosher* meal was provided, Sir Stuart having explained that he could not eat any but *kosher* food. The Misrachi (a Society of orthodox Jews) also held a reception in his honour. Whilst on his way to Lemberg, a town where a terrible pogrom had just taken place, the train in

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which he was travelling broke down and could not go on for several hours. It happened to be a Friday in November. The days were short and Sabbath was near, so Sir Stuart, who never travels on Sabbath, left the train, and, together with his companions went to Rawa Ruska, a little town near Lemberg. There was no proper hotel in the place and his visit was unexpected, but he spent a very pleasant day amongst the simple people of the town, who felt themselves so much honoured by his visit that they placed a tablet on the seat in the synagogue occupied by him. In Lemberg an official reception in his honour was held by the Lord-Lieutenant, and was attended by the various representatives of the Polish Foreign Office. It was with no little satisfaction that the Jews saw one of their own faith the centre of this important gathering. Later, at a private reception at the house of Joseph Pilsudsky, the Lord-Lieutenant, Sir Stuart pointed out how mistaken was the policy of Poland in persecuting the Jews. "Look," he exclaimed, "at France, Italy, and England, the most advanced countries in Europe: they treat their Jews well and therefore benefit by Jewish intelligence and integrity; all careers and honours are open to them, and the Jew makes as good a citizen as any man." And just as the Czar Nicolas had answered Sir Moses nearly eighty years before, Pilsudsky replied, "I wish that the Jews of my

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country were more like you.” “That is wrong,” said Sir Stuart; “we Jews are all brothers, and, given the same opportunities, the Jews of Poland would make as good and grateful citizens as the Jews of England.”

Wherever he went, Sir Stuart visited the synagogues. In Krakow, the old Polish capital, he went twice on Sabbath to the synagogue. He was greatly touched by the kindness and hospitality he met with from all the Jews. The Government placed a special sleeping-car at his disposal, and more than once, when on arrival at a small place no accommodation could be found, he spent the night in this car.

In Wilna he was visited by Rabbi Rubinstein, a man who had more than once risked his life on behalf of his community, accompanied by Rabbi Grodsensky. At their request Sir Stuart had a special guard placed round the old cemetery, one of the treasures of the community.

Zionists, Rabbis, business men, all came to him seeking advice, help, or protection, and they left him feeling that not only as an official of a foreign country, but as a man of their own race, there was none more fit to look after their welfare and further their interests.

After he left Poland the terrible pogroms stopped, but unfortunately even his influence could not put an end to outrages against the Jews on a smaller

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scale. He was followed by the blessings of all Polish Jewry, and the memory of his visit, even as that of Sir Moses Montefiore's, will long be cherished in the hearts of the Russian and Polish Jews.

SOPHIE MARCOUSÉ.

“ THE LAND, WHITHER THOU
GOEST ”

FOR the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou didst sow thy seed, and didst water it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land, whither ye go over to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water as the rain from heaven cometh down; a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.

Deuteronomy xi. 10-12.

THE BUILDING OF THE SUCCAH

“**D**WELL ye in booths,” thus reads the sacred
page;

In booths, frail shelter 'gainst the storm and wind:
*And lo, in booths we dwell through all our pilgrim-
age!*

“And the shadow shall be more than sun's bright
rays;”

The shadow more than sun, soft filtering through:
Alas, the shadow more than sun on all our ways!

“But ye shall see the stars through, shining clear;”
The stars, above the storm-rack and the night:
*Ah, yes, we still can see the stars through; God is
near!*

H. SNOWMAN.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

THE vineyards of Israel have ceased to exist, but the eternal law enjoins the children of Israel still to celebrate the vintage. A race that persists in celebrating their vintage, although they have no fruits to gather, will regain their vineyards. What sublime inexorability in the law ! But what indomitable spirit in the people !

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

STOLEN

ONCE upon a time a lovely,
Black-eyed, little Roman matron,
With a sage and ancient teacher
Reasoned of the Jew's religion.

Tell me, Rabbi (thus demanded,
Wondering, the youthful lady),
In the Bible, it is written
That, when our great-grand-dame Eva

God Almighty fashioned, Adam
Caused He first to fall on slumber.
Then, from out the helpless creature,
Quietly, a rib was taken.

Taken—nay, I say 'twas stolen !
See you, Rabbi, it was taken
From the sleeping ! Is it meet, now,
That a God should stoop to thieving ?

And is this the great and mighty
God, the love and awe-inspiring—
This the God, whose name so proudly
You uphold before the nations ?

Stolen

Lady (this is now the answer
Of the teacher sage and ancient),
You will graciously allow me
To repeat a little story !

'Tis a true one, and moreover,
Lady, mine own self concerning;
Very lately, too, it happened—
That by night came one and robbed me.

In the dawning, when from slumber
I arose, intending straightway
To betake myself to study,
Lo, my little lamp was missing !

Mine own lamp, so old and battered,
Black with smoke, that cost my father,
Thirty years ago, it may be,
Seven coins in honest copper.

Well, the lamp was gone—for ever !
But—now listen, dearest lady !
In the corner, where aforesaid
Stood the lamp so old and dingy,

I beheld a lamp, a new one,
Broad and high, of precious metal,
Little figures fine were graven
On the sides and round the border;

Stolen

On the top there shone and sparkled
Here, and there again, a brilliant,
Brightly as the stars at midnight
Sparkle in the deep blue heaven.

Now, what say you, madam, tell me,
To such dear and kindly robber?
Once again, I pray, with patience
Take our Bible, turn our pages,

Read a little, and consider,
Honoured lady mine, of Adam
And of Eve the ancient story. . . .
Madam, do you call it stealing?

S. FRUG.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

THE REBUILDING

THUS saith the Lord God: In the day that I cleanse you from all your iniquities, I will cause the cities to be inhabited, and the waste places shall be builded. And the land that was desolate shall be tilled, whereas it was a desolation in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say: This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are fortified and inhabited. Then the nations that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord have builded the ruined places, and planted that which was desolate; I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 33-36.

THE GREAT HOPE

A STORY FOR THE SABBATH OF CONSOLATION.*

WHEN the Roman soldiers drove the wailing women and children through the streets of Jerusalem, only two souls came forth from the ruined home of Simon ben David. The father and his three tall sons had perished during the siege of the city, and on the day the Temple fell the wife of Simon lay dying, her new-born son at her breast. So when the soldiers drove the survivors forth into exile and slavery, only twelve year-old Leah left her father's house, her tiny baby brother clasped in her arms.

All distinctions of rank and wealth were forgotten. Leah, whose father had been of a princely house, now limped wearily beside Nathaniel, the young son of one of his bondmen. Once Leah had been the only daughter of a wealthy and noble family, and Nathaniel had been too humble to raise his eyes to her as she walked in the gardens of her father's estate; now, her dainty garments soiled with the dust of the road, her hair dishevelled, her white face pinched and drawn with hunger, she was grate-

* The Sabbath following the 9th of Ab.—[EDITOR.]

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ful to the young servant for his care of her, and looked upon him as upon a brother.

That night, when the scanty food allowed the captives was distributed, Nathaniel managed to secure a cruse of goat's milk, and, kindling a fire, warmed the milk before he brought it to Leah for her baby brother. The child lay moaning faintly in his sister's arms. She tried to warm it on her breast and murmured loving words to it, as she had heard the mothers of other tiny children murmur when their babies were restless or ill. Nathaniel sat by her side, and his face was very tender as he watched her.

Leah coaxed the child into drinking a little of the warm milk, smiling faintly when she saw him go off to sleep. Nathaniel put out his arms for the little one, and begged to be allowed to hold him; but she shook her head.

"Thou art so tired," he said. "See, I have spread my cloak for thee, and since we shall not leave this place until daybreak, I want thee to lie down and try to sleep a little. I will guard the little one and see that he comes to no harm."

But Leah would not let him touch the child. "He is all I have in the world," she answered, "for they—the others—are gone, and I shall never see them again. Yea, I am more miserable than other orphans, for I have no home nor country, and the city of my fathers has been laid waste."

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Her sobs choked her as she turned her eyes toward the ruins of Jerusalem, grim and forsaken in the moonlight. "Our Temple lies desolate," sobbed the girl, "and its golden ornaments have been polluted. Would that I had died with my mother, rather than live the daughter of a captive and homeless race."

She lay upon the ground now, her face hidden in the cloak she had wrapped about her brother. Nathaniel timidly smoothed her tangled hair, and sought to comfort her.

"Weep, if thou wilt, for those whose death has left you an orphan even as I am," he said, "but do not grieve that the Lord has afflicted Zion. For it is for our sins, and He will not keep His anger for ever. Again and again have I heard my father's father say that the Lord of Israel would punish His people for forgetting Him and for their hardness of heart to the poor and the oppressed. But my grandfather also said that the Lord would only purify us through suffering, as fine gold is purified through fire—that He would destroy Jerusalem, even the Temple in the midst of her, but that some day He would bring back the desolate children of Israel unto their own land."

Leah's sobs ceased as she listened. When Nathaniel had finished speaking, she raised her head and answered him, her voice trembling with a new hope. "I remember thy grandfather, Nathaniel.

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My father once told me that he was a man who walked with God. What thy grandfather spoke must come to pass. Did he indeed say that our Temple would be rebuilt?"

Here a woman among the captives broke into loud weeping. Leah's heart swelled with pity as she listened, and suddenly she clung to Nathaniel, sobbing: "But we shall not return! How can a people broken as we are ever be healed?"

"Nay," answered Nathaniel, and his eyes grew large with his dream. "Nay, 'He who destroys will also build up,' said my grandfather. For once he told me that on the very day the Temple was destroyed, a Messiah would be born who would some day lead our people back to Zion in triumph and with songs of gladness."

"Nathaniel," breathed Leah, half fearfully, yet with a strange joy in her white face, "Nathaniel, my father was of the line of David from which the kings of Israel have sprung. And he, my brother, was born yesterday, the very day on which the Temple fell."

They said no more, but looked at each other with shining eyes. The fire Nathaniel had kindled had long since died out, but in the clear moonlight he saw Leah's pale face, radiant with holy joy. Hardly knowing that he did so, he kissed the hem of the sleeping child's garment.

"From this day forth thou must let me serve

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thee and him," whispered Nathaniel in a voice that was deeply humble, yet aglow with pride. "Now lie down and sleep, and I will keep watch over thee and the little one until morning. My grandfather would have died happy had he known that I should be allowed to serve the child destined to become the redeemer of Israel."

When Leah awoke, the eastern sky was rosy with dawn. She turned to Nathaniel who knelt upon the ground, bending over her sleeping brother. A look at her companion's face told her the truth, and she clung to him for comfort.

It was a long time before either of the two could speak. Then Nathaniel said in a broken voice: "He was so little and weak—he could not live without his mother. He was not chosen to lead us back after all. Perhaps another child born yesterday will be our Messiah—or perhaps my grandfather did not know—and the great king of Israel is yet to be born."

* * * * *

Leah turned her eyes to the ruins of the Temple, which the rising sun clothed in a glory of crimson and gold. It was like the coronation robe of a mighty king—the king who would gather the outcasts of Israel and bring them back to their own land. She threw back her weary shoulders, and raised her head like a queen, for she remembered that

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she was of a royal line, that she came of a house of priests and prophets and kings.

“Nathaniel,” said Leah simply, “in a few years I shall grow into womanhood, and since I am of the house of David, perhaps my own son will be the Messiah.”

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

BAR KOCHBA

“**S**ON of a Star ” they called you,
That fell in darkest days !
Bar Kochba, our hero,
Not you could hear our praise.

With broken sword you perished,
In ruins crushed and black :
Bar Kochba, Bar Kochba,
To-day we call you back !

The battle is unfinished
Where once you fought with odds,
And dared to challenge mighty Rome,
Her emperor and her gods.

Then where was Israel's Guardian
Who slumbers not nor sleeps ?
Above the grappling peoples
His patient watch he keeps.

And the battle shall be finished
Where once you fought in vain,
And the star that fell in ruins
Shall rise and shine again.

Bar Kochba

*Despair not, my people,
Bar Kochba seems to say,
I fought two thousand years ago,
And victory comes to-day.*

JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

JEWISH NATIONALITY

I CHERISH nothing for the Jewish nation, I seek nothing for them but the good which promises good to all the nations. The spirit of our religious life, which is one with our national life, is not hatred of aught but wrong. The masters have said, an offence against man is worse than an offence against God. But what wonder if there is hatred in the breasts of Jews, who are children of the ignorant and oppressed—what wonder, since there is hatred in the breasts of Christians? Our national life was a growing light. Let the central fire be kindled again, and the light will reach afar. The degraded and scorned of our race will learn to think of their sacred land, not as a place for saintly beggary to await death in loathsome idleness, but as a republic where the Jewish spirit manifests itself in a new order founded on the old, purified, enriched by the experience our greatest sons have gathered from the life of the ages. How long is it?—only two centuries since a vessel carried over the ocean the beginning of the great North American nation. The people

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grew like meeting waters. They were various in habit and sect. There came a time, a century ago, when they needed a polity, and there were heroes of peace among them. What had they to form a polity with but memories of Europe, corrected by the vision of a better? Let our wise and wealthy show themselves heroes. They have the memories of the East and West, and they have the full vision of a better. A new Persia with a purified religion magnified itself in art and wisdom. So with a new Judea, poised between East and West—a covenant of reconciliation. Will any say, the prophetic vision of your race has been hopelessly mixed with folly and bigotry; the angel of progress has no message for Judaism—it is a half-buried city for the paid workers to lay open—the waters are rushing by it as a forsaken field? I say that the strongest principle of growth lies in human choice. The sons of Judah have to choose, that God may again choose them. The Messianic time is the time when Israel shall will the planting of the national ensign. The Nile overflowed and rushed onward: the Egyptian could not choose the overflow, but he chose to work and make channels for the fructifying waters, and Egypt became the land of corn. Shall man, whose soul is set in the royalty of discernment and resolve, deny his rank and say, ‘I am an onlooker; ask no choice or purpose of me’? That is the blasphemy of his time. The

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divine principle of our race is action, choice, resolved memory. Let us contradict the blasphemy, and help to will our own better future and the better future of the world—not to renounce our higher gift, and say, ‘Let us be as if we were not among the populations’; but choose our full heritage, claim the brotherhood of our nation, and carry into it a new brotherhood with the nations of the Gentiles. The vision is there; it will be fulfilled.”

GEORGE ELIOT.

(Published in 1874.)

“ O ! WEEP FOR THOSE ”

O ! WEEP for those that wept by Babel's
stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless
dwell !

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.

BYRON.

“WE WILL GO WITH YOU”

THUS saith the Lord of hosts: It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come peoples, and the inhabitants of many cities; and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying: Let us go speedily to entreat the favour of the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also. Yea, many peoples and mighty nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to entreat the favour of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of hosts: In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all the languages of the nations, shall even take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying: “We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.”

Zechariah viii. 20-23.

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THE STORY OF MORDECAI ZEMACH

IT has not often happened in the history of the Jews that one man was able to save a whole community by his devotion and cleverness, but Mordecai Zemach ben Gershon of Prague was such a one, who, by his effort, saved the large Jewish population of his native town from expulsion and desolation. He was a real hero of our people, and Jewish children should know and learn to love the stories of such true Jewish patriots.

Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria and Bohemia, one of the greatest anti-Semites of his time, had vowed to drive out all the Jews of Prague in the summer of 1561, and nothing could induce him to break his oath. The private secretary of the Emperor, a Bohemian nobleman, owed his high position solely to the kindness and generosity of Mordecai Zemach of Prague. The nobleman, who was engaged to be married, had a large sum of money left in his charge, which he was pledged to return by a certain date. A false friend, who was secretly in love with the nobleman's bride, absconded with the money, and the Emperor's secretary found himself in one moment robbed of love, honour, and

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credit. Overcome with distress, he was about to fling himself into the river, when Mordecai Zemach, passing along early in the morning to buy fish for Sabbath, and realising in an instant the young man's intention to commit suicide, seized him by the arm and, with words of comfort and encouragement, induced him to return with him to his house. Mordecai learnt from his guest the difficulties he was in, and lent him the entire sum which he had lost, and thereby saved both his life and his home. The young nobleman promised never to forget these services, and he kept his word.

The private secretary was the first to hear from the Emperor about his intention. Ferdinand told him that, in a dream, he had seen Jesus, who had reproached him because he suffered infidels to live in his capital. "Then," said the Emperor, "I raised my arm and vowed to expel all Jews from Prague, and to build a noble church where their synagogue stands."

The secretary, realising the danger that awaited his good friend the Jew, asked the Emperor for a few days' leave to go to his home to see his new-born child. It was granted, but instead of going to see his wife and baby, he made post-haste for Prague, visited Mordecai and warned him of the blow that was impending. In so doing the young Christian secretary had risked his life by betraying the evil confidences of his master the Emperor, but at the

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same time he did it gladly, for he realised that to Mordecai he owed, not only his life, but his honour and his wife.

Mordecai Zemach, without telling anybody, except the venerable Rabbi, of the danger ahead, went to Vienna, and, probably by the help of his friend, obtained an audience of the Emperor Ferdinand. "Grace for the innocent Jews of Prague," Mordecai exclaimed, when left alone with the prince. Ferdinand was highly surprised, because he had spoken to nobody but his secretary about his decision to expel the Jews.

"Who told you this?" he asked indignantly. "Who else knows about it?" "The Rabbi of Prague and myself, your Majesty," answered Mordecai; "both had the same terrible dream," and he recounted word for word the Emperor's dream. "Grace, grace for the innocent Jews of Prague," he repeated, falling on his knees. Ferdinand grew pale and uneasy. "You must both be extraordinary men, because God has favoured you with the same dream as myself, but I have vowed—who can release me?" Silence fell upon the room. The Emperor, after a time of meditation, turned to Mordecai. "Only the Pope in Rome can release me of the oath I made in my dream. Go to Rome, and if the Pope consents and you are back in three months' time the Jews may remain; if not, all Jews will have to leave Prague. I give you a written

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document with my Imperial seal to be shown the Pope, but no other help will be forthcoming." The private secretary was called in and the Emperor signed the document. The friends looked a moment at each other and Mordecai Zemach left the palace.

The journey from Vienna to Rome for a solitary man, a Jew, without escort, without arms, was full of dangers in those times, but our hero braved everything. His only aim was not to lose time, and after three weeks' travelling he reached his goal. But how was he to see the Pope? He knew nobody in Rome, and no Jew could help him in his difficult task. He lost a week in wandering through the streets and racking his brains to find a way out of his difficulty. One day, near St. Peter's Church, he found himself in a dense crowd apparently full of excitement and expectation, and Mordecai heard that Pope Pius IV.* would pass their way. The great moment had come. Trembling with excitement and joy, he pressed his precious document to his heart and, praying fervently, waited with the others. Suddenly a movement appeared in the crowd; they fell on their knees, whilst, clad in white, the triple crown on his head, and sitting on a palanquin carried by priests, the Pope arrived. But through the kneeling crowd a man pressed forward, holding high above his head a scroll. He, also, fell on his knees, shouting: "Hear me,

* 1559-1569.

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lend thine ear to me, O Vicar of the 'Prince of Peace.' ”

The Pope's guard was ready to arrest the unknown man who dared to bar the way of His Holiness, but Pius' quick eye had recognised the Imperial seal on the document, and he gave a sign to his guard. Mordecai was taken to the Vatican and later was called before the Pope.

“Who are you? Who has given you this document? What is your desire?” asked the Pope in a stern voice.

Mordecai looked upon this man, the highest on earth, whose word was able to release the mighty Emperor's oath—the man whose decision meant life or death for himself, his family, his whole community—the large and ancient community of Prague. His heart was beating wildly and, trembling, he began to speak and explain this extraordinary mission of his. Pope Pius was satisfied that the document, the signature, and the seal were genuine, and he listened with interest to Mordecai's explanations.

Mordecai's voice grew steadier, and he told the Pope what the Jewish people suffered. All his fervent love and, at the same time, his feeling for the injustice, the untold pain, the humiliation inflicted on the children of Israel, the persecutions, the expulsions to which they were exposed, all their sorrow, all their troubles, found expression in his

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ardent eloquence. "You read our Bible," he exclaimed, "you sing the Psalms of David, but the children of David you persecute." The Pope listened silently; his face was pale, and when Mordecai knelt down and, sobbing, begged "Grace, O grace for the Jews of Prague," he saw a tear in the eyes of Pius. The suffering of a people had touched his heart. He took Mordecai's hand kindly and said to him: "No child of Israel shall be touched as long as I am sitting in Peter's chair."

He wrote at once the release of Ferdinand's oath, handed it to Mordecai, and said: "Leave Rome on the instant; you must hurry to be in time. If you are late, my release can be of no help."

One can imagine with what feelings Mordecai left the Vatican. He did not lose a moment, and the same day he set out for home; but he had only reached Milan when a sudden illness struck him down. The excitement and over-work had been too much even for this man of iron. A stranger in a strange city, Mordecai was nearly a month in bed. He was fully aware what this delay meant for his mission—but he was unable to move; it was sheer will-power that enabled him to continue his journey as soon as he felt a little better. It was a very long journey from Milan to Vienna in those far-off days, when there were no trains and no proper communication, and some weeks more

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elapsed before he reached the capital he had left, but so short a time before, as a young and vigorous man; and now he returned weak with fever and grown thin and grey with anxiety.

In the meantime, Mordecai Zemach's disappearance from Prague had been much commented upon there. Nobody knew where he had gone, not even his wife Bela, who was left in complete ignorance and distress with her two little boys. On the eve of the first Seder they had celebrated in their own house, a strange visitor had entered, with whom Mordecai had held a long conversation, then he had gone late at night to the Rabbi, who had bidden him go without one moment's delay, and from that moment he had completely disappeared.

And strange, evil rumours filled the Ghetto of Prague at the same time. All the Jews, rich and poor, young and old were to be driven out of Prague. Only whispered first, not quite believed by most people, the rumour soon took a more serious aspect; officials already knew about it, and one day in June came the terrible news—all the Jews were to leave Prague on the first day of July in that year, 1561. No appeal was to be made, no exceptions were to be accorded. On the first of July at midday every Jewish soul must leave the town, the synagogue would be pulled down, and the building of a new church started at once. So

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ran the strict order of his Christian Majesty the Emperor Ferdinand I.

The Jews of Prague knew they were doomed. A deputation sent at once to Vienna was not even received by the lower officials. From all sides they were told that nothing would help—the Emperor had sworn to drive out all Jews from Bohemia, and nothing would induce him to break his oath.

At last the fateful day arrived, and they did not know where to go, what to do. Where could the whole of a population so big and important as the community of Prague find a refuge? On the morning of the 1st of July all the synagogues were packed with people, worshipping for the last time in the holy places where their ancestors had prayed for centuries. After the service all went to the cemetery to pray for the last time at the graveside of their dearest. Many, indeed, were they who envied the dead their resting-place in the beloved Prague. Bela, Mordecai Zemach's young wife, with her children, knelt down at the tomb of her father weeping bitterly. Where was he—her beloved husband? Was he still alive? Did he know in what danger and stress they all were? He, who was always ready to help—where was he now in this hour of horror and pain? She could not stay any longer with her bitter thoughts; the fateful hour had arrived—people must be ready to go—the clock began to strike—it was midday. In that

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moment a shock went through the crowd—a man on horseback came galloping up the main street, his head bandaged, his face and hands blood-stained, his clothes torn, his hair and beard white. He held a scroll of parchment high in his hand, and shouting, “Saved, Jews of Prague, you are saved!” he fell unconscious from his horse. Soon afterwards came an Imperial messenger, he also holding up a document and shouting, “By Imperial order, the Jews of Prague are to remain if the Jew Mordecai Zemach reaches the town before twelve o’clock.”

So were the Jews of Prague saved by a son of their own community. In one moment their sorrow was turned into joy and pride, pride in the courage and devotion of one of their blood. They surrounded Mordecai’s house, and, as soon as he recovered, he told his family and the old Rabbi of his adventures and his distress when, on reaching Vienna, he had discovered that only three days were left him to bring his mission to a successful end. The Emperor had received him very ungraciously. The release of the Pope, he said, was almost too late—he had given all orders for the expulsion of the Jews, and he could keep his promise only if Mordecai could be in Prague before twelve o’clock on the appointed day. Mordecai’s friend could only help him by giving him a very good horse, but even then it seemed impossible to be in time. Only God could help—

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and full of confidence in God's help Mordecai started on his difficult journey. He rode day and night, never stopping for food or drink for himself—the horse alone he tended and fed. Riding through forests, his clothes were cut to pieces, his eye was nearly torn out by a thorn—he did not care. Bandaging his head and the bleeding eye with a kerchief, he rode on; his hands were swollen and bloodstained—he did not think of it, he hardly felt it—his thoughts and prayers were only: "God of Israel! help, O help me to save the children of Israel!" "And God has helped," he added triumphantly, looking at his wife and children and the venerable old Rabbi, the only one who had known of his mission.

Children are taught to admire many heroes—let Jewish children admire this modest man, who has certainly a right to be called "A National Hero."

SOPHIE MARCOUSÉ.

FOR I the Lord change not;
And ye, O sons of Jacob, are not consumed.
Malachi iii. 6.

SPRING SONG

THE wild dove is cooing ;
She calls from the tree :
Come, children, the breezes
Are lightsome and free !

The long threads of sunlight
From heaven now issue,
As someone sat weaving
A shimmering tissue.

The hive-bees are humming,
They take as they pass
The sweet of the roses,
The dew off the grass.

The garden is blooming,
The hill and the hollow,
The spring-time is here,
And the summer will follow !

Come, children, the breezes
Are lightsome and free !
The wild dove is cooing,
She calls from the tree.

Spring Song

The dovelet is cooing;
She calls from the bough:
Come, children, the breezes
Are sweet to the brow.

The leaves are a-flutter
On hill and in hollow,
The spring-time is here, and
The summer to follow !

The wild birds are singing
In garden and dale,
And sweet is their music
In valley and vale.

The fishes are swimming,
Where ripples are glancing,
And gliding and sliding
And leaping and dancing.

The flowers, the flowers
Are blossoming now !
The wild dove is cooing,
She calls from the bough.

S. FRUG.

Translated from the Yiddish by Helena Frank.

THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL

IN one of the predatory excursions of the Syrians into the north of Judea they had carried off, amongst other booty, a little maid, who became the property of Naaman's wife.* Naaman was the captain of the host of the king of Syria, a man of high rank and great valour, who had frequently been the means of deliverance to Syria; but he had become a leper, and was, of course, incapacitated from all public duties and domestic enjoyments. It must have been a sad change to the little maid of Israel, torn from the bosom of her affectionate family, and sold as a slave in the service of a heathen. But it is clear, from her recollection of Elisha and her earnest wish that her master would go to him to be cured of his leprosy, that she was a child of one of the seven thousand faithful, and one who had been tenderly and spiritually brought up in the religion of her God, and, consequently, with firm faith in the power of His prophets. We can picture her child-like orisons, rising morning and evening in the language of her country to Israel's God, undisturbed by the heathen worship with which she was sur-

* See 2 Kings v. 2.

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rounded; lingering with fond affection on the memory of her parents, cherishing their instructions in her heart of hearts, and praying to God, as they had taught her, to keep her undefiled, that she might bear witness to His glory.

The effects of *true piety* never fail to obtain the love and kindness of our fellow-creatures. The respectful deference of the young slave, her quiet discharge of her duties, her uncomplaining gentleness, though often visible sadness, had no doubt attracted the attention of her mistress, and called forth, not only kindness towards the child, but led her to confide in her her own affliction from her husband's disease. A peculiar sanctity ever surrounded the Hebrew in the eyes even of many ignorant and heathen nations. They were not only the first-born of the Lord in spiritual privileges, but in arts and sciences, and all that marked them almost an age in advance both in refinement and intellect. It is not improbable that the wife of Naaman was questioning her young slave as to the treatment of lepers in Judea, of which the child could give her but little information; but all she had heard of Elisha, we may imagine flashing on her mind—the power he had received from the Eternal, the miracles he had done, the tender kindness his character had so often evinced, caused the instant exclamation, “Would God my lord were with the prophet who is in Samaria; for he would

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recover him of his leprosy." There is no hesitation, no doubt—the very faith of a child satisfied that it was in his power and he would do it. And so completely did that simple faith enter into the hearts of those who heard, that we find not only Naaman's domestics and Naaman himself, but the king of Syria acting upon it, the very instant that it was reported, "Thus, and thus, saith the maid, who is of the land of Israel."

The story of Naaman's visit to Judea and miraculous cure is strikingly illustrative of the Eternal's loving mercy over *all* His creatures. Naaman was a heathen, and often an enemy to Judea, yet when *he sought* the prophet of the Lord even he was accepted, and a miracle performed in his behalf. How powerfully should this rebuke us, when inclined to pronounce harsh judgment on the religion of a fellow-creature, or arrogate to ourselves alone, or to those who think exactly with us, the sole care and love of our Creator.

How happy must the little maid of Israel have felt when she beheld her master perfectly cured, and the God of her fathers acknowledged and worshipped, as the sole and only one, by those who had so lately been heathens and idolaters. "Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt-offering, nor sacrifice, unto other gods, but unto the Lord," Naaman had declared unto Elisha: and when she saw this change, how must the Hebrew child have

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rejoiced! That all had originated in her confident reference to the prophet she probably never knew, but we see that she was the direct instrument in the Lord's hand to bring about the revelation of His power; she had glorified Him by trusting in His prophet, and so made both her God and His servant venerated in a Gentile land. But this would not have been had she been ashamed to confess her religion and her country before men. A solitary exile in the household of Naaman, young and undirected by man, holier associations must have been powerful within her to have prevented the adoption of the forms and customs and even worship of those around her. The childish faith which caused the exclamation and its consequences, as we have recorded, did not spring from the mere impulse of the *moment*, but from the education and subsequent thought of early years.

Let our daughters then feel and glory in their nationality, and by making the religion of their fathers the mainspring of their being, so serve the cause of God, and so elevate the character of Israel, that their very exile may hasten the day of our restoration, by bringing all the nations to a knowledge of the Lord.

GRACE AGUILAR.

“PRINCESS SABBATH”

THE soft wind moves the rushes,
The moon is in its trine,
The Princess Sabbath singeth,
The Prince nods o'er his wine.

The shepherd in the meadow
Lies by the huddled sheep,
Her voice floats through the gloaming,
The dog whines in his sleep.

The fairies of the valley
Awake with flutt'ring wings.
A light burns in the tower—
The Princess Sabbath sings. . . .

The Prince smiles in his slumber,
The water-lilies sigh,
The lonely shepherd weepeth. . . .
He weeps and knows not why.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

“THE GLORY OF LEBANON”

THE glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The cypress, the plane-tree, and the larch
together;

To beautify the place of My sanctuary,
And I will make the place of My feet glorious.
And the sons of them that afflicted thee
Shall come bending unto thee,
And all they that despised thee shall bow down
At the soles of thy feet;
And they shall call thee the city of the Lord,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated,
So that no man passed through thee,
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of many generations.

Isaiah lx. 13-15.

SONG OF REBECCA

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her Father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The clouded pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone,
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And, oh ! where stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Song of Rebecca

Our harps we left by Babel's stream;
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn;
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE TRUST

AND He gave them the lands of the nations,
And they took the labour of the peoples in
possession;
That they might keep his statutes,
And observe His laws.
Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm cv. 44-45.

THE SABBATH

NOT for us the Sabbath of the quiet streets,
Sabbath, peaceful o'er the world outspread,
Felt where every man his neighbour greets,
Heard in hush of many a slowly passing tread.

Not the robe of silence for our holy day;
Noisy run the worker and the player;
Toil and stir and laughter of the way
Surge around the steps that seek a place of prayer.

Silent we, while through the thronging street and
mart

Work-day clamour of the city rolls:
Cloistered inly, from the world apart,
Ours it is to bear the Sabbath in our souls.

NINA SALAMAN.

MESSIAH

MESSIAH is coming
How shall I know the day?
To-day may bring
The promised king
For whom I hope and pray.

Messiah, Messiah,
If you should come to-day,
Would I be fit
To do my bit
And work as well as play?
JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

AND all nations shall call you happy;
For ye shall be a delightful land,
Saith the Lord of hosts.
Malachi iii. 12.

